

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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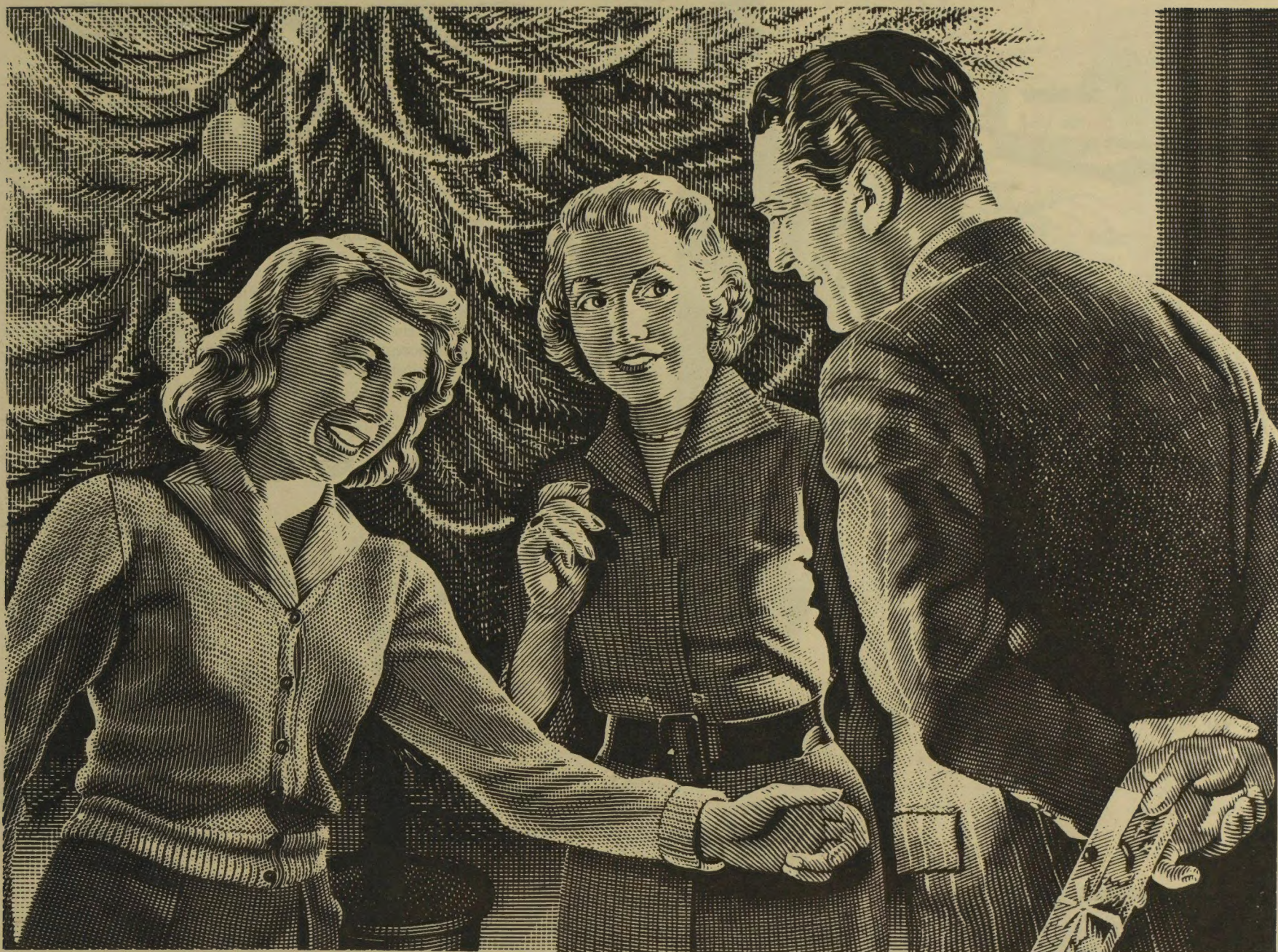
Bass

myself





TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



*"Happy Christmas —
with love—for a lifetime"*

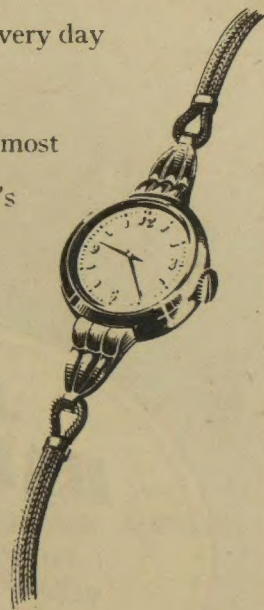
There are very, very few Christmas presents that will let you say that. That will be used every hour of every day of every year from now on.

But it's true of a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch. The finest, most famous product of the country most famous for watchmaking. The country that has bred ten generations of watchmakers. The country that's ahead of all others in watchmaking precision, invention, equipment, production-methods.

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Give a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch — with the help of a jeweller.

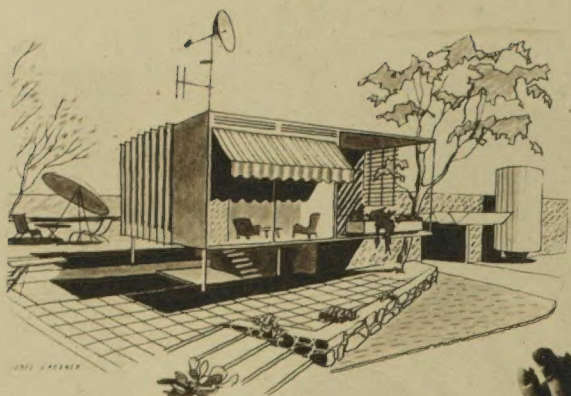


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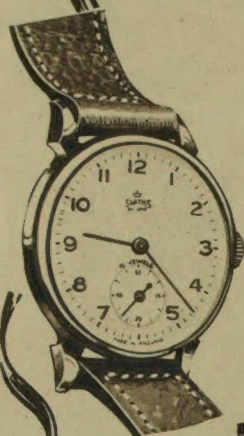
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To
Father

To
Mother

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But a glance cannot reveal all the qualities which have made the Riley so much admired by enthusiastic motorists all over the world.

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It is a car that reflects your success and sound judgment.

Write to Riley Motors Ltd., for specifications and the name of your nearest Distributors.

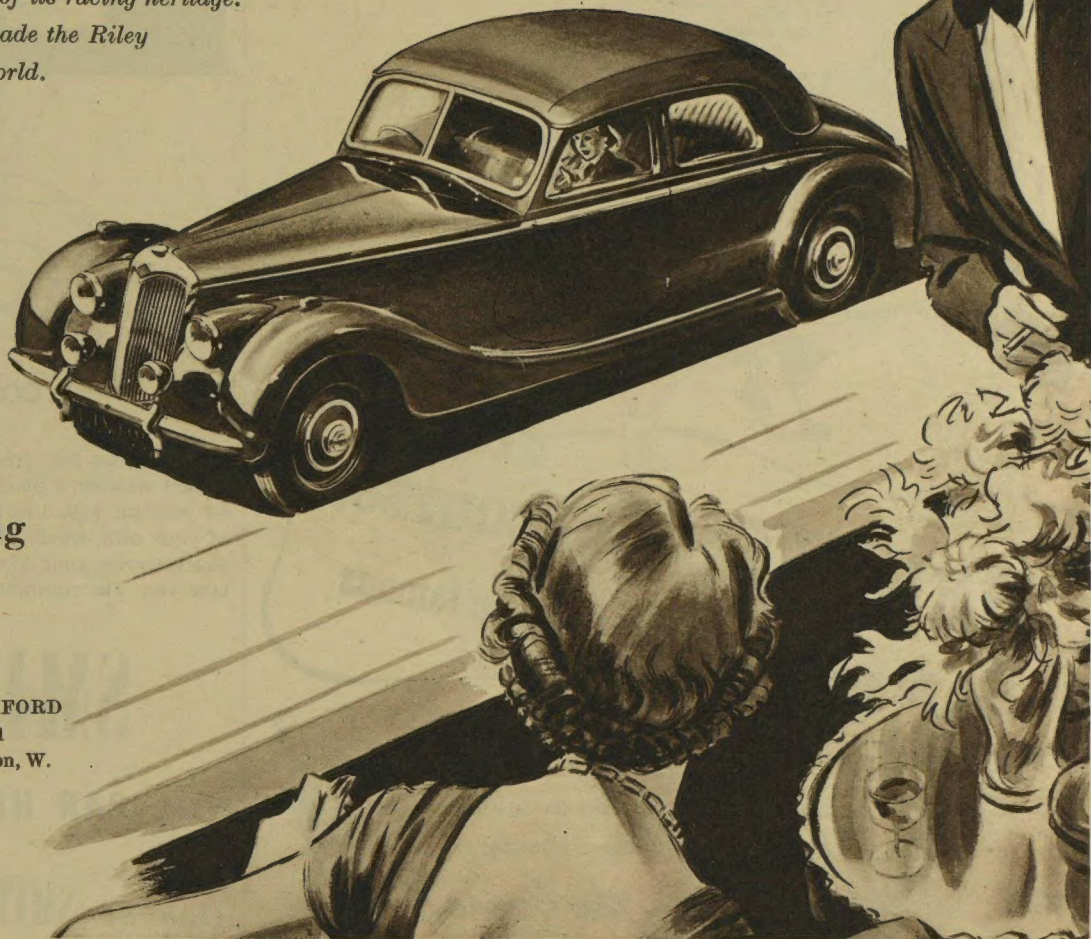
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LAND-ROVER

MADE BY THE ROVER CO. LTD., SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

CVS-36

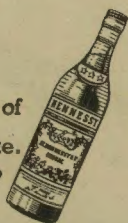
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Christmas Dinner?



HENNESSY, of course,
the Brandy that made Cognac famous

Hennessy "X.O." combines the mellowness of great age with a liveliness and freshness of bouquet and taste.

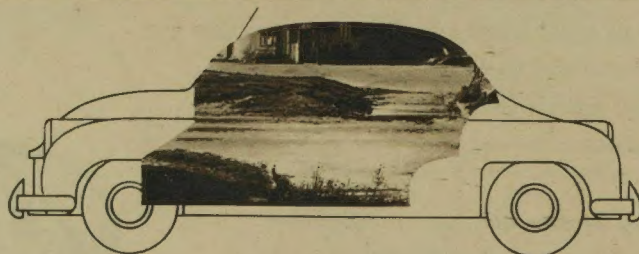
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...could just fit into your car

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FOR YOUR PRESENT CAR
ask your local garage to fit a Smiths car heater, prices from £9.

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specify Smiths fresh air heating and ventilating to be factory-fitted before you take delivery.

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WINE MERCHANTS



TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

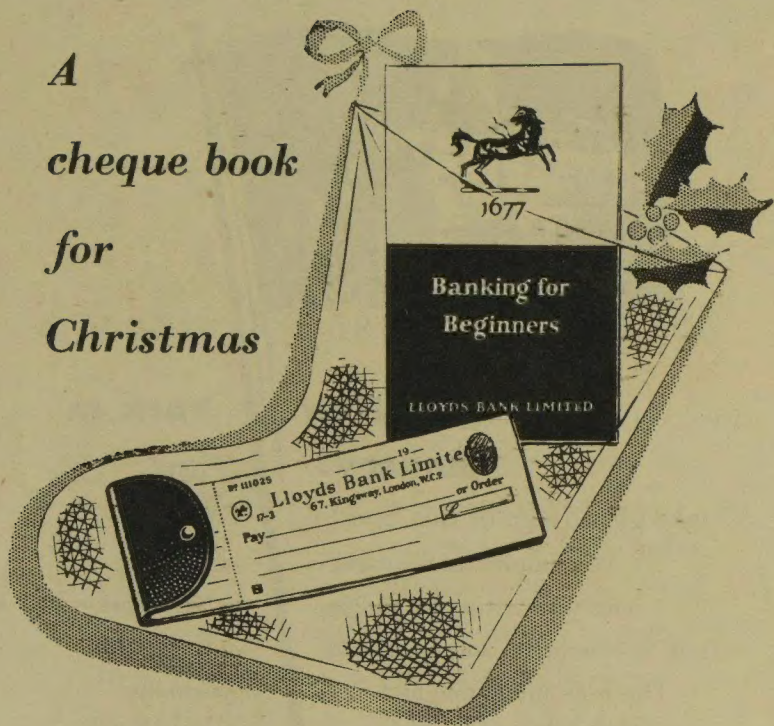


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for
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All-in Ticket
covering fare, cost of
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The “Golden Arrow” All-Pullman
Daily from Victoria at 1.0 p.m.

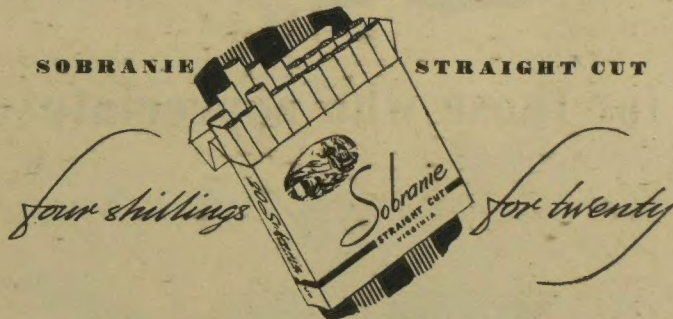
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World's most Elegant Train

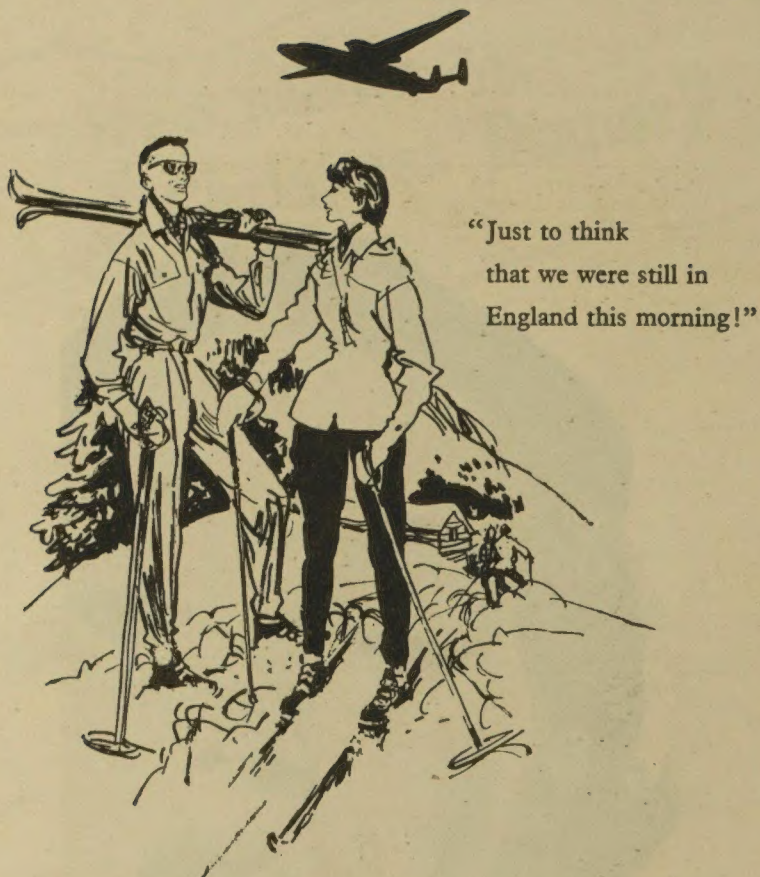
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speeches**—it is surprising
how banality becomes brilliance,
how the conventional becomes the
epigrammatic, how the obvious
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Sobranie Straight Cut. There is a magic in its
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a pleasure in its mildness which colour
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smoke’—and while others talk,
you can surrender happily to
your Sobranie...

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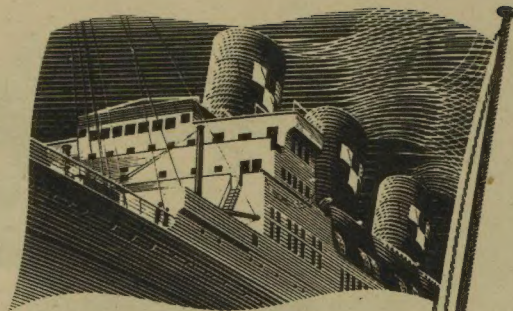
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for some years past. Now Airwork, in conjunction

with Hunting Air Transport, has established

the first post-war private enterprise airline—

the Safari Service to East Africa. Airwork

"looks forward" to further developments, of course.

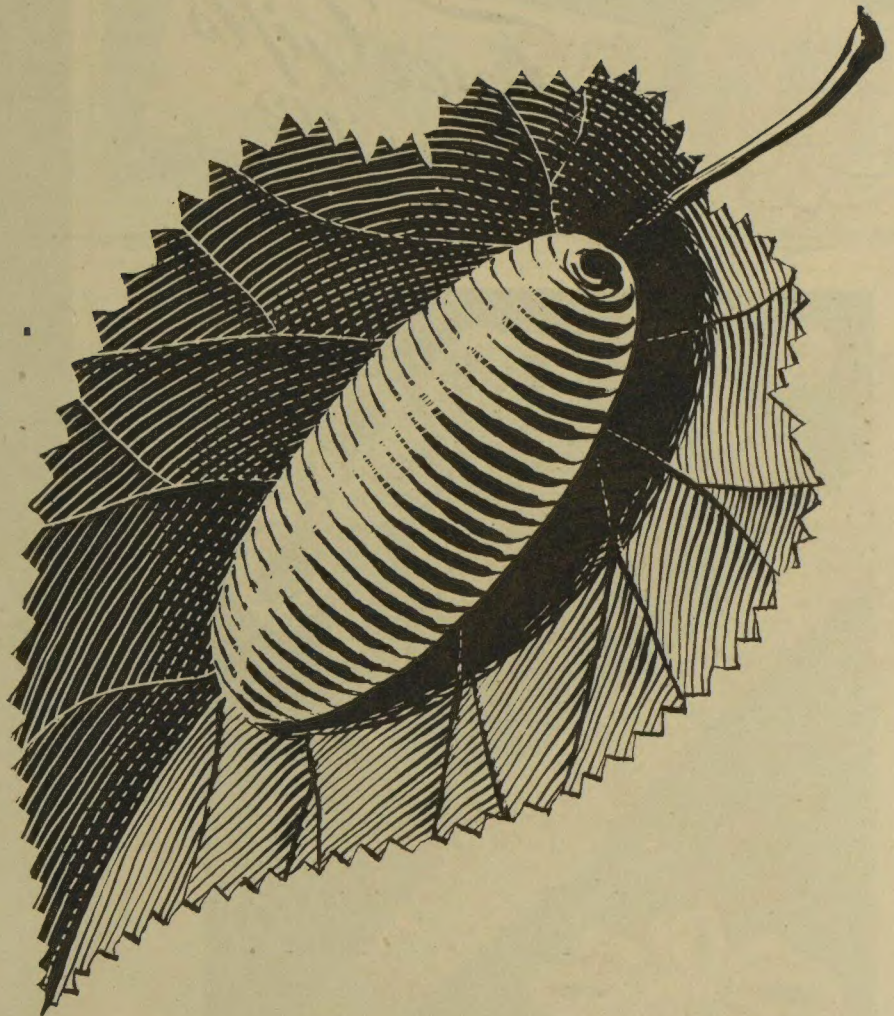


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What suits the silkworm won't do for the glow-worm; what will protect tinned foods crossing the country won't keep a consignment of hats in good shape on their way to Australia. But packaging problems are plain sailing to the Packaging Division of the Bowaters Organisation. Bowaters provide for most products that can be packed in paper. That means more than you might suppose; it means fibre drums, corrugated cases, spiral-wound canisters, paper bags in countless shapes and sizes, multiwall sacks, protective food wrappings. Five separate paper-converting companies make up the Packaging Division, offering five different approaches to progressive packing.



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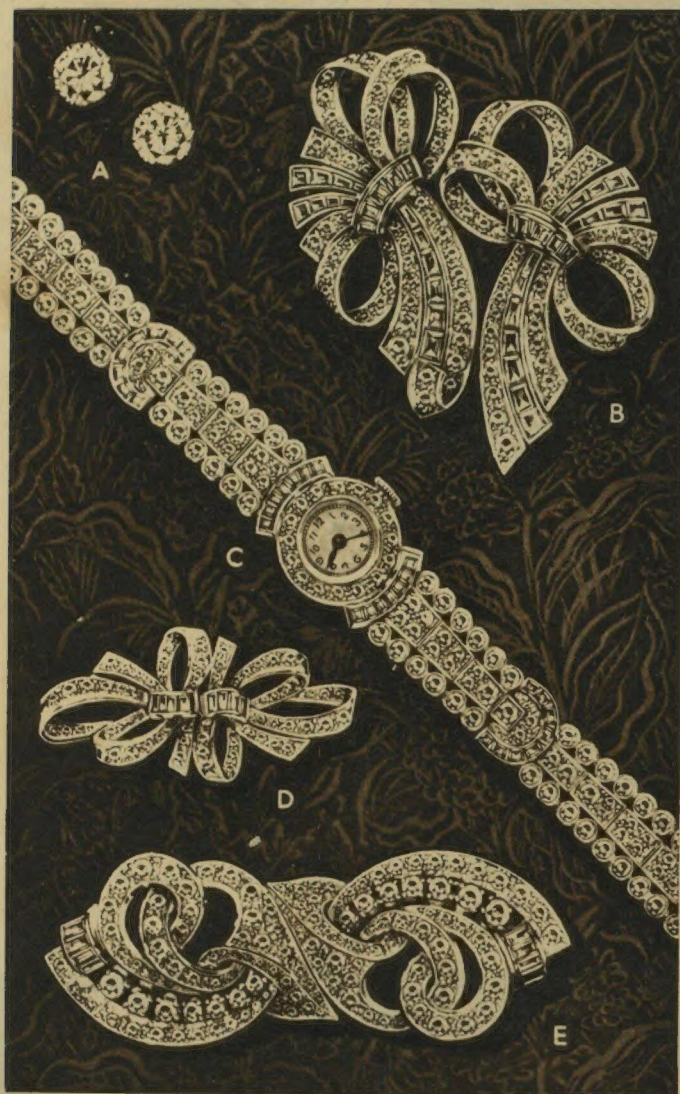
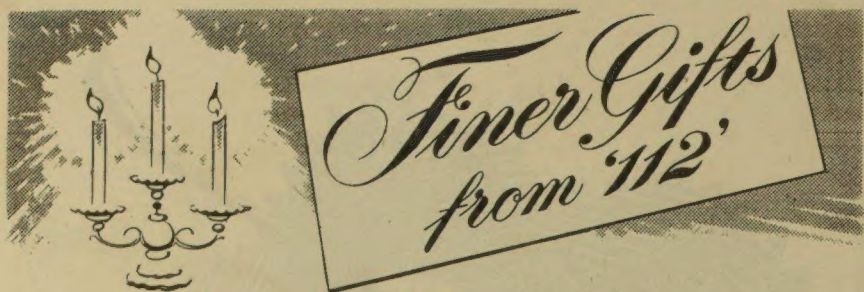
6. ASSORTED FONDANTS ... 6/6 per lb. Box

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8. FATHER CHRISTMAS & TREE. Red felt Gown, white fur trimming £1. 1. 0.

Confectionery Dept. Mezzanine Floor
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1952.



INCORPORATING A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL QUEEN: ONE OF THE FIRST POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE NEW REIGN—THE 2½d. DENOMINATION—IN THE PERMANENT SERIES.

On Friday, December 5, the first postage stamps of the new reign of Queen Elizabeth II. were to be on sale at all Post Offices in the United Kingdom and at Army Post Offices overseas. The stamps are of the 2½d. and 1½d. denominations in the permanent series. Both stamps include as the main feature of the design a portrait of her Majesty the Queen taken from a photograph by Dorothy Wilding Portraits, Ltd. The designer of the 2½d. stamp, which is magenta-red, is Mr. M. C. Farrar-Bell. The stamp shows the Queen's portrait surrounded by an ornamental oval, and embodies,

in a group in the bottom left-hand corner, heraldic representations of the Rose, Thistle, Daffodil and Shamrock. The stamps have been produced, by the photogravure process, by Messrs. Harrison and Sons, Ltd., who have printed postage stamps of the ½d. to 1s. values for the Post Office for many years. To guide him in the selection of the new designs, the Postmaster General had the help of a panel of experts, including nominees of the Council of Industrial Design. The 2½d. and 1½d. stamps of the old designs will continue on sale with those of the new designs until stocks are exhausted.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE publication of Douglas Haig's diaries and private papers and the flood of Press comments with which it has been greeted has served to remind us all of a very remarkable event. It is remarkable that we should need reminding of it at all, for it was one that occurred within the lifetime of every man and woman in these islands now more than thirty-five years of age, and it was one in which more than a million middle-aged and elderly men now living took part. Yet, though I do not think any of the latter can be said to have forgotten it—for it involved experiences which few men are ever likely to be able to forget—even these have seemed, for the past three decades, curiously unaware of its significance, while the rest of the nation has almost totally ignored it. Indeed, I doubt if the people of this country have ever been fully aware of it at all.

That event was the total and irretrievable defeat between August 8 and November 11, 1918, of the German Imperial Army—the greatest war-machine the world had ever seen—by a British Army which, except for its higher command, was at that time almost entirely composed of men recruited, partly by conscription but mainly through voluntary enlistment, from civilians. It was a very tired and war-weary Army, which had suffered in the past two years the most appalling casualties and had long lost the fine flower of its best officers and men. It had sprung from the first tremendous, spontaneous response of an ancient, powerful and long-pacific nation to Kaiser William's arrogant disregard of the peace of his neighbours, of his own treaty obligations and of the rights of other nations. It had launched its first major offensive on the Somme in the summer of 1916 with a vigour and resolution seldom matched, and never surpassed, in the history of war, and with a stoic disregard of casualties which had resulted in the loss on the very first day of nearly 60,000 men, including 20,000 dead. Yet that offensive against entrenched positions and against the immense, and still novel, power of automatic weapons, was maintained without a break for nearly three months until the Germans had withdrawn to new lines and Britain had lost the self-picked men of every class who should have provided its leaders during the next half-century.

"No one who lived through that time," Mr. R. H. Gretton expressed it in his "Modern History of the British People," "will ever forget the casualty-lists of the Somme. In daily batches of ten thousand they struck at the endless little villas in suburban roads which had so short a while before been warm with pride in the trim young officer or budding sergeant with stripes fresh on his sleeve; . . . at the country houses which, growing suddenly still and stricken, remembered in their fine tradition the cottages which would have grown still too." * "Never before," wrote the author of "The Official History of the Military Operations of the Great War," "had the ranks of a British army on the field of battle contained the finest of all classes of the nation, in physique, brains and education." That physique, brains and education were left on the battlefield.

Of the Somme—and, a year later, of a still more terrible offensive battle, Passchendaele! Fought to pin down the German Army at the instance of the French Government, who, following Russia's collapse, was desperately trying to restore the discipline of an Army demoralised by its appalling losses in Nivelle's offensive of that summer, and at the urgent entreaty of the British Admiralty, which predicted starvation for Britain unless the German submarine bases in Belgium could be captured before the spring of 1918, the offensive in the Ypres salient in those dreadful autumn months of rain and blood-soaked swamp was the greatest military holding-operation in the history of war. As such it may well have served its purpose; as an offensive it was a complete failure. It cost the British Army nearly half-a-million casualties; it nearly cost it its morale. Five months later the same Army, bled white by its dreadful losses, sustained the full weight of the great offensive which the German Imperial Army, triumphant in Russia and free to concentrate in the West, launched against it in an attempt to win final victory before the untrained American armies could be mobilised behind the British and French. During that offensive, which continued throughout the last part of March and the whole of April, and in which the outnumbered British Army lost a quarter of its remaining effectives, the Germans were miraculously held. It was in its course that, on April 12, three days after the second German break-through on the Lys, Sir Douglas Haig issued his famous and, for so inarticulate a man, astonishing order:

There is no course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end.

To those under his command the impact of that order was far greater than that of Mr. Churchill's more eloquent orations in 1940. Seldom in history, I believe, can so few words have produced such great consequences.

Barely three months passed before the exhausted British Army was ready once more to attack. During that time the French, under the great soldier whom, as we now know, Douglas Haig proposed for the supreme, co-ordinating command in the West, had held a further German attack with the pick of what remained, after four dreadful years, of their exhausted Army. But though many French units were still able to show a splendid heroism, and though American reinforcements were pouring into France at the rate of about one American in every five seconds, the French Army was too decimated and shattered after four years of war and the American Army still too raw and inexperienced to be able to crack such a superb fighting-force as the German Army, shattering though the latter's casualties had been. It was left to the British Army and to its silent commander to do so. August 8—the opening day of its offensive—was, in Ludendorff's words, "the black day of the war" for the German Army. The attack was

a brilliant success. But though I still recall vividly the surprise and exhilaration—relief would perhaps be a better word—of that day's news, comparable in my lifetime only to that of Alamein, probably only one man at that time realised the magnitude of the victory that was now within the grasp of the hard-tried British Army. That man was its Commander-in-Chief, and he has not till now received the credit he deserves for that realisation. It was a moment for him, and his long-trained vision, as dramatic as that which came to Wellington at the moment that the 52nd wheeled on to and broke the flank of Napoleon's Imperial Guard. The hour had come at last for attack, and victory for weary men to whom attack and victory had become almost an unimaginable dream. With remorseless resolution Haig drove his Army, the unperceiving British Government and the whole nation forward in a great, continuous offensive surge. "The Third Army is halting to-day," he wrote in his diary on August 22. "I cannot think this is necessary. I accordingly issued an Order directing the offensive to be resumed at the earliest moment possible. To-night I issued a Note to Army Commanders asking them to bring to the notice of all subordinate leaders the changed conditions under which operations are now being carried out. It is no longer necessary to advance step by step in regular lines as in 1916-17 battles. All Units must go straight for their objectives, while Reserves should be pushed in where we are gaining ground."† No other British Commander in history, whatever Haig's limitations at other times—and, for all his vast technical skill they were very great—has ever been so bold and resolute in following up success. At the end of August, despite the injunctions of the Cabinet to go slow, he broke the Hindenburg Line. "Within the last four weeks," he wrote in his diary on September 10, "we have captured 77,000 prisoners and nearly 800 guns. There has never been such a victory

in the annals of Britain and its effects are not yet apparent." "We have got the enemy down," he wrote three weeks later; "in fact, he is a beaten Army, and my plan is to go on hitting him as hard as we possibly can till he begs for mercy."

Yet though Haig achieved his relentless purpose, carrying the British and French and the still raw Americans with him and using his tired but magnificent Army like a master the finest steel, and though in doing so he saved a broken civilisation many more bitter months of blood-letting and agony, his own country and even his own Army were past the capacity to savour their victory. It had come too late; those who would most have rejoiced at it, and the hearts that loved them, were buried under the rolling chalk hills of Picardy and in the foul slime of the Salient. Britain by November, 1918, had only one thought—peace. She had outlasted her terrible enemy, but only just, and every long-taut muscle relaxed at that hour into an inertia from which it was to take her people years to recover. Her intellectual attitude towards the war and her Herculean effort, so far as she had one, was expressed by the poetry of Wilfred Owen, who fell in that final, disillusioned hour of victory, and of Siegfried Sassoon. The mood of the next twenty years prevented any objective assessment by Englishmen of Haig's and his Army's victory. It was not till the national renaissance of 1943, when a new-born Britain was poised for the spring at the throat of an even more terrible aggressor, that her people were capable once more of taking a balanced and unpathological view of military achievements. And by then she had no time to think of the past. It is only now, seven years after the end of the second German war, with the publication of these diaries and private papers of the British Commander-in-Chief in the first, that we can begin to see what a British Army accomplished.

THE FIRST POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: ONE OF THE NEW SERIES.



SHOWING THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLET OF THE NATIONAL EMBLEMS: THE NEW 11d. STAMP, WHICH IS GREEN.

On the frontispiece of this issue we show the 2½d. stamp of the new reign, here we show the 11d. stamp which has been designed by Miss Enid Marx, R.D.I. Stamps of these two denominations in the permanent series were to be on sale at all Post Offices and at Army Post Offices overseas on Friday, December 5. The portrait on both stamps is taken from a photograph of her Majesty by Dorothy Wilding Portraits, Ltd., which is being used in the designs of all the new postage stamps in the permanent series. New designs for the other denominations of stamps in the permanent series will be put on sale at intervals until the whole series has been covered. Details of the designs which will be used for the remaining denominations will be published in due course.

* p. 998. (Martin Secker.)

† "The Private Papers of Douglas Haig," p. 324. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)



WHERE FRENCH AND VIET NAM TROOPS FACE A DESPERATE SITUATION WITH THE AIR AS THEIR ONLY LINK FOR SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION: COLLECTING PARACHUTED SUPPLIES IN THE THAI COUNTRY IN NORTH-WEST INDO-CHINA.

On about November 21 it became clear that the direction of the Viet Minh or Communist offensive in Indo-China was southwards and westwards from the Black River into the Pays Thai (which lies inland from the Delta and immediately north of the Kingdom of Laos). The offensive was mounted in great strength in difficult country, and led to the withdrawal of the French and Vietnamese troops from a number of posts and their concentration on the two main points of Laichau, the most northerly Thai post, and Son-La, the

tribal capital, both of which have airstrips. These were of the utmost importance, since the only line of supply and reinforcement left to the French was the air, which fortunately they controlled. On November 22 the French abandoned Son-La as indefensible, and fell back on the strongly fortified position at Na-Sam, the airfield of Son-La, and prepared for a desperate defence. The first attacks on Na-Sam, on November 23, were beaten off. Other photographs of the Indo-China war appear on pages 932-933.



IN THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE VITAL POINTS OF LAICHAU AND SON-LA, A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER FIRES FROM HIS SHOULDER A BURST OF LIGHT MACHINE-GUN FIRE AT A POSSIBLE AMBUSH.



FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS MOVING ON THE ROAD BETWEEN LAICHAU AND SON-LA TO MEET THE THREAT OF THE VIET MINH OFFENSIVE OVER THE BLACK RIVER INTO THE PAYS THAI.



(ABOVE) PART OF A GREAT QUANTITY OF VIET MINH ARMS AND SUPPLIES, WHICH THE FRENCH FOUND AT THE WESTERN END OF THE DELTA CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY, IN EARLY NOVEMBER.

THE last month has seen a powerful offensive in northern Indo-China mounted by the Communist Viet Minh forces. This month's campaign has been in three phases. It began in mid-October with an attack by at least three Viet Minh divisions from the Red River westwards towards Nghia-Lo and the Black River. As a result of this, the French and Viet Nam forces withdrew to the west and south of the Black River into the Pays Thai. This Viet Minh offensive was thought to have spent its strength rather quickly; and with a view to cutting Viet Minh communications and lines of supply the French mounted a reconnaissance in force from the confluence of the Red and Black Rivers towards Phu-Tho and Phu-Doan, where they used parachute troops with great effect and captured a quantity of Viet Minh arms and supplies. The Viet Minh attacked between Phu-Doan and Phu-Tho and after fierce fighting, with heavy losses on both sides, the French Command decided on a withdrawal. During this time,

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT) THE VITAL AIR-STRIP OF NA-SAM, WEST OF THE BLACK RIVER IN THE PAYS THAI—A HEAVILY FORTIFIED POSITION TO WHICH THE FRENCH RETIRED AFTER ABANDONING THE THAI CAPITAL, SON-LA.



TWO YOUNG COMMUNIST SOLDIERS CAPTURED IN AN ACTION IN THE COUNTRY LYING BETWEEN LAICHAU AND SON-LA, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LUAN CHAU, ABOUT NINE MILES S.W. OF LAICHAU.



VIETNAMESE INFANTRY FANNING OUT THROUGH JUNGLE GRASS, VIET MINH PATROL WAS CAPTURED.



DURING THE ADVANCE TOWARDS PHU-DOAN, IN WHICH MUCH VIET MINH COMMUNICATIONS CUT.



VIETNAMESE AND FRENCH TROOPS DUG IN AND AWAITING A VIET MINH ATTACK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SON-LA, WHICH WAS LATER ABANDONED IN FAVOUR OF THE STRONGER POSITION AT NA-SAM.

(ABOVE) LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS, RIFLES, MORTAR BOMBS AND OTHER WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT, CAPTURED FROM THE VIET MINH FORCES NEAR PHU THO, BEING RECORDED AND COLLECTED BY FRENCH TROOPS.

(Continued.)

however, the French had been reinforcing, mainly by air, their posts on the south-west bank of the Black River, of which the chief were Laichau and Son-La, the Thai capital. At this point it was still not clear where the Viet Minh would next attack; but on Nov. 20 they attacked south of the Black River and the two French posts of Moo-Chau and Ba-Lay were evacuated and it became clear that the main objective of the Communist attack was Son-La. This Thai capital had been reinforced, but its airfield, Na-Sam, was a much stronger natural position, and on Nov. 22 the French Command abandoned Son-La as indefensible and prepared to make a strong stand at Na-Sam. The first attack on Na-Sam was made on Nov. 23, but this was beaten off and the French forces made a quick counter-attack. The importance of resistance in this area lies in the fact that its people are very friendly to the French and in it excellent native troops are recruited direct into the French Army, like Gurkhas into the British Army.

(LEFT) CAPTURED VIET MINH WAR MATERIAL FOUND NEAR PHU THO IN THE OFFENSIVE FROM VIETNAM IN WHICH THE FRENCH RETIRED FOR A TIME THE VIET NAME COMMUNICATIONS, INCLUDING MACHINE-GUNS AND MORTARS.

WHERE FRANCE FACES A CRITICAL OFFENSIVE IN INDO-CHINA: VITAL AREAS IN THE THAI

COUNTRY AND THE DELTA NOW UNDER LARGE-SCALE ATTACK BY THE COMMUNISTS.



WHERE THE BLACK WATCH BEAT BACK A TREMENDOUS CHINESE ASSAULT: IN "A" COMPANY'S POSITION ON THE "HOOK," ABOUT 500 YARDS FROM THE ENEMY.



THE COMPANY COMMANDER, TWO OFFICERS AND A SERGEANT OF "A" COMPANY, THE BLACK WATCH, EXAMINING A CHINESE "BURP" GUN, CAPTURED IN THE "HOOK" BATTLE.



BESIDE A SIGN-POST LISTING CANADIAN CITIES AS WELL AS SEOUL AND PANMUNJOM, THE 1ST BN. OF "PRINCESS PAT'S" AWAIT TRANSPORT TO THE RAILROAD, PUSAN AND CANADA.



BACK IN A REST AREA AFTER THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING ON THE COMMONWEALTH FRONT FOR MANY MONTHS: MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH ANSWERING A ROLL-CALL.

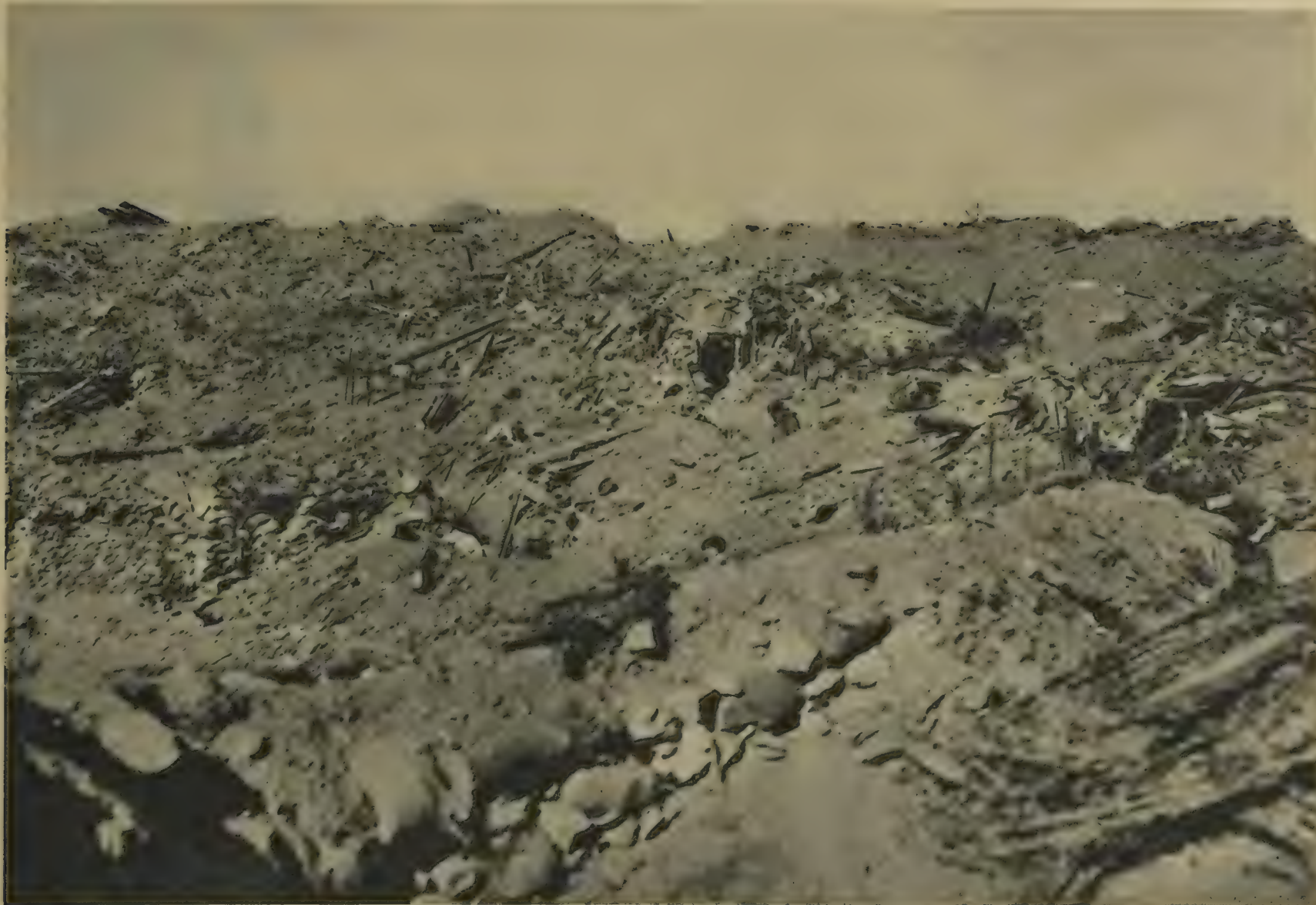


AFTER A BRIEF REST FOLLOWING THE FIERCE FIGHTING ON HOOK HILL, MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH ARE HERE WAITING FOR TRANSPORT TO TAKE THEM BACK TO THE FRONT.

A BLACK WATCH VICTORY IN THEIR FIRST KOREAN BATTLE; AND A CANADIAN REGIMENT'S FAREWELL TO KOREA.

On this page we give pictorial news of two Commonwealth regiments recently in the news in Korea. On November 13 the 1st Bn. Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry left Korea for Japan *en route* for Canada, after thirteen months' service with the United Nations in Korea. On the eve of their departure they attended a memorial service for their fallen comrades in the U.N. cemetery near Pusan. On November 18 the 1st Bn., The Black Watch, were engaged in one of the

fiercest actions to be fought on the Commonwealth front for many months. They were holding a forward position on the western Korean front, known as the "Hook," "a gaunt, muddy hillside" which was attacked by very large numbers of Chinese following and through a series of very heavy Communist artillery barrages. "A" Company of the Black Watch retired underground and called for an artillery bombardment with "air-bursts" above their own position.



THE SCENE OF A MAGNIFICENT BLACK WATCH VICTORY: "HOOK HILL," ON THE KOREAN FRONT, "A" COMPANY'S POSITION, WHICH RECEIVED HEAVY ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT FROM BOTH SIDES AND WAS THE SCENE OF FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING, SOME OF IT UNDERGROUND.



THE BATTALION HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE BLACK WATCH, IN THE KOREAN FRONT LINE. ANCIENT KOREAN TOMBSTONES CAN BE SEEN AMONG THE TREES. WHERE THE BLACK WATCH WON A FAMOUS VICTORY AGAINST AN ALL-OUT CHINESE ONSLAUGHT: THE "HOOK HILL" POSITIONS.

The story of a company of the Black Watch calling for artillery bombardment on its own position under attack (told on the opposite page) in itself summarises the kind of warfare that is now typical of the present Korean front. Both sides have now for some months held virtually static positions on a waving line some 155 miles long from the east coast to the west coast. Much of this front is now deeply dug in, especially in the central sector, where the

Communists' "iron triangle" just south of Osong Mountain, also known to our troops as Papa-san, is a mass of honeycombed underground defences, even including funnelled caves from which mortar batteries fire; and United Nations positions, especially in the opposite sector, are stated to be equally complex. An important feature of the recent heavy sporadic fighting has been the good showing made by the recently reorganised and enlarged R.O.K. army.

REMINISCENCE AND REFLECTION.

"DON'T LOOK ROUND"; By VIOLET TREFUSIS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MRS. TREFUSIS, the elder daughter of the late Mrs. George Keppel, has written a volume of reminiscences which she describes as being "not so much a narrative as an anthology: selected moments, hand-picked." We are spared the usual chronological ploughing on: and it is a mercy. We are also, since she is happily young enough to look forward and not her mother's daughter for nothing, spared those laments (tempting to all elders) over a gracious, vanished world which has been swamped by war and confiscation. She would have had plenty of material. She remembers England before 1914 and gives us memories of legendary people, long gone, like Julian Grenfell. She also, an indefatigable traveller and generally an expatriate, was in the centre of that cultivated European society which, probably, will reconstitute itself when travel is easier and currency restrictions have been removed. But, though she remembers acutely funny, sentimental, touching and impressive events long gone over, she is far from revelling in nostalgia. The book, all else apart, is the work of an artist thoroughly enjoying her craft of writing—and remembering.

Mrs. Trefusis is admirable at descriptions of things seen, and at shrewd, brief statements of her impressions of countries and national characteristics. But her gift for portraiture is remarkable. Sometimes her infallible knack for selecting salient traits conveys a clear notion of a person even when she is not attempting a set portrait, but merely telling, as she certainly can tell, a story. During the last war, exiled from France, she was staying in Somerset with a woman friend whom she depicts convincingly. "The fishmonger's in Yeovil," begins this little set-piece, "was my spiritual home. It somehow satisfied my wanderlust to see those fish who had travelled so fast and so far, all resigned, acquiescent on the marble slabs. Besides, they were so pretty, the mackerel a Cézanne blue, the lobsters armed like Samurai. Now and again, a great salmon reminded me of Scotland, and of my childhood. Then there was a curious fish, a John Dory, I think, that was the living image of Lord Beaverbrook. No wonder I enjoyed the fish queue."

"One day, Lord Berners, who was my guest, was sharing my favourite occupation of fish-gazing. Suddenly he clutched my arm. 'Look! It can't be true!'

"What?"

"The sturgeon, as long as a submarine!"

"Sure enough, there it lay, streamlined, covered with knobs, which gave it a topically armoured look, on a bed of parsley. I held my breath. A mute interrogation passed between us. We entered the shop. 'Good morning, Mr. Bloater, may we look at your sturgeon?'

"Indeed you may, ma'am. Like you, he's a stranger in these parts, fished in Cornwall, if you please."

"With questing fingers we prodded it, turned it over."

"It should be there, in that bulge," Gerald muttered.

"Can I 'elp you, ma'am?"

"Well, er, as a matter of fact, we were wondering if there was any—er—roe?"

How the sturgeon, later, was mistaken for a corpse; how it fared in the *chaise-longue*, and what happened to the caviare, the reader may discover for himself. But I think that even those who did not know him will derive from his few remarks a notion of the nature and ways of that charming and talented man Berners.

Of King Edward VII. there is a child's glimpse: "On one occasion King Edward came to shoot at Duntreath. We were all bundled off to Miss Laurie's as they had need of our bedrooms. We used to come over for the day, however. The King was very kind to us children. He had a rich German accent and smelt deliciously of cigars and *eau de Portugal*. He wore several rings set with small cabochon rubies and a cigarette-case made of ribbed gold, no doubt by Fabergé. A Fabergé cigarette-case was the emblem of Royalty, as symbolical as the bookie's cigar, or the ostler's straw." That is a supplementary thumb-nail sketch: she is writing for people who already know what the King looked like. Elsewhere there are portraits rounded and carefully drawn.

I did not know Mme. Legrand—"Cloton." But I should recognise her if I saw her. "Her hair had the consistency of cotton-wool, her cheeks, that of marshmallows, well floured. Gallant as an old *cantiniere*, greedy as a Chinese eunuch, she reminded one of those stately though oscillating figures you see

in carnivals, precariously supported by human feet. In her youth she had been beloved by many, Maupassant amongst others. As generous as she was impoverished, now and again she would give dinner-parties to which the greatest gastronomes in Europe were proud to be invited. Weeks were spent composing the menu, hours choosing each ingredient. She was to be seen inoculating strawberries with a syringe filled with Armagnac. As the day of the dinner drew nearer, Cloton's anxiety mounted. Would the trouts' cheeks be sufficiently full or not? Would the tarragon for the sauce béarnaise be fresh or merely bottled? Could she really count on her wine-merchant to produce the 1894 *framboise* he had promised?

"Then there were the chucks."

"How could she possibly replace Armand de Gramont? True, there were other dukes, but none as handsome, none as eloquent, none as courtly! . . ."



THE AUTHOR, VIOLET TREFUSIS, AS A CHILD, WITH HER MOTHER, THE LATE MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.



ILLUSTRATING VIOLET TREFUSIS'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: A "DECORATION" BY PHILIPPE JULLIAN DEPICTING A VISIT TO SIR JOSEPH DUVERN. Reproductions from the book "Don't Look Round"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson and Co., Ltd.

When France collapsed, "poor old Cloton" and an ancient maid went to live in a little village by the Loire, where sometimes a poacher would bring them a rabbit. They were often very cold. One night, when their fuel had gone, the maid broke a chair up. There was no paper with which to light the wood. "My letters! Those piles of old letters!" her mistress suddenly wheezed. . . . Together they set fire to sheet after sheet, letters from royalties, Cabinet Ministers, academicians, even Maupassant, were not spared, though the hand that held the letters trembled. There was only one small packet left. Hortense was about to add it to the rest. "Non," croaked Cloton, reaching out her hand, "pas ça! I know he was no one in particular, but he was such a sweet boy, absurdly young. Well, of course, I couldn't consent . . . he got himself killed in 1915."

To the fidelity of other portraits I can testify. There was, for instance, Princess Edmond de Polignac.

"Madame de Polignac was a remarkable woman. Imperturbable, inscrutable, she hung over life like a cliff; her rocky profile seemed to call for spray and seagulls; small blue eyes—the eyes of an old salt—came and went; her face was more like a landscape than a face,

cloudy of hair, blue of eye, rugged of contour. Although she had lived all her life in France, she spoke French with a strong British accent, which, however, merely rendered her observations more piquant, playing the part of ketchup to her dry, caustic utterances. Like all fundamentally shy people, she was infinitely intimidating. People quailed before her. . . . She was in the habit of giving supper parties in her studio, usually to celebrate the début of some young musical discovery. On one occasion I found a small piece of glass in the dish I was eating which I parked as discreetly as possible on one side of my plate; but nothing escaped the eye of my hostess who had, apparently, found a similar piece in her helping. 'Cinderella, or the little glass supper,' she muttered between her teeth." "This immensely rich woman led a curiously unluxurious life. She was potentially an ascetic, openly proclaiming that all she needed was a comfortable chair and a piano." I shall not easily forget an afternoon in her drawing-room over the Grand Canal in Venice, very refined, and very "ascetic"—stiff brocaded chairs, China tea and a resolute succession of Bach Fugues. Not a hope of a sherry or an invitation to smoke a cigarette. I felt like a beefy prizefighter in the sanctum of an Abbess. Later, when I occasionally met her (as it might be) dressed "anyhow," striding across the little bridges, carrying vegetables in a string bag, my awe diminished: she became almost affable.

The fullest and most illuminating sketch in the book—there are eight pages of it—is of Mussolini, who comes vividly to life in the account of an interview which lasted for the abnormal time of an hour and a quarter. The ice was broken easily, if inadvertently. Everybody who ever went to talk with Mussolini in his vast room in the Palazzo Venezia, trod as timidly as Agag along that marble skating-rink of a floor which spanned the distance between the doors and his remote desk. Mrs. Trefusis did not tread quite delicately enough. When she was within a few yards of "the dreaded silhouette": "a dreadful thing happened. My foremost foot skidded! I fell, scattering the contents of my bag, lipstick, cigarettes, bills, compact, love letters." Mussolini, a ladies' man, of course helped her to pick them up. "We met on all fours, face to face, under the writing-table. . . . His dignity, alas! was irrevocably impaired, a fact he could not fail to realise." There ensued a really delightful, ranging conversation—she even heard, as I have heard, Mussolini roar with laughter. He went wrong, as we all know: the plunge over Abyssinia ultimately landed Italy and Europe in ruin and brought Il Duce himself to a squalid and ghastly end. But "inflated bullfrog" and "sawdust Caesar" are inadequate terms for that quick, cultivated, imaginative man. I rather think that what foreigners brought from Mussolini depended on what they took to him.

That there are delightful glimpses of Mrs. Trefusis's mother was to be expected. Of all the stories about that charming, hardheaded, beautiful, candid woman who (as somebody said) "walked like the Victory of Samothrace," the most striking here is that which tells of her encounter with a burglar. She came back early from a ball and found the ruffian in her bedroom ransacking her safe. "My mother, resplendent in her ball dress, sat calmly down, opened her cigarette-case, offered a cigarette to the dumbfounded man. 'Suppose you tell me why you do this for a living?' she suggested conversationally. 'Well, I'm b——!'" was the man's natural reply. His story followed. He was astonished when he found she wasn't going to call the police. He put all his loot back in the safe and, just before he took his leave empty-handed, asked if he could have "a photo" to remember her by!

There are charmingly decorative illustrations.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 960 of this issue.



MRS. TREFUSIS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mrs. Trefusis was born in 1894, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel. In 1919 she married Major Denys Robert Trefusis, who died in 1929. Her mother, who died in 1947—the same year as her father died—was a great hostess of the Edwardian Era and a link with the intimate circle of the Court of those days. Mrs. Trefusis's books include "Hunt the Slipper" and "Prelude to Misadventure."

Photograph by Pamela Chandler.

FOLLOWING the savage attack by Kikuyu tribesmen on Lieut.-Commander Ian Meiklejohn, a farmer, and his wife, Dr. Dorothy Meiklejohn, which took place on the evening of November 22 and was described in our issue of November 29, police rounded up suspects in the Thomson's Falls area for questioning. In addition, it was decided to repatriate about 3500 men, women and children to the reserves, and these squatters were also rounded up into compounds to await transport to the locations from which they originally came. On the morning of November 27 the body of a prominent African, Councillor Tom Mbotela, was found, bearing knife wounds, less than two miles from the centre of Nairobi. Police raided the near-by Burmah market, a collection of wooden stalls, and removed all adult males for questioning. Some hours later a fire broke out and swept through the market. The city council has completed a new market and it was intended to serve eviction orders on the stall-holders in a few days' time. The fire has made this procedure unnecessary.



THE SCENE OF A SAVAGE ATTACK BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS ON EUROPEAN SETTLERS IN KENYA: A VIEW OF THE BLOODSTAINED DRAWING-ROOM IN WHICH LIEUT.-COMMANDER IAN MEIKLEJOHN AND HIS WIFE WERE STABBED BY KIKUYU TRIBESMEN.



IN THE AREA WHERE THE BODY OF COUNCILLOR TOM MBOTELA WAS FOUND ON NOVEMBER 27: THE BURMAH MARKET IN NAIROBI BURNING IN A SHEET OF FLAME A FEW HOURS AFTER POLICE HAD RAIDED THE SITE AND ARRESTED ALL ADULT MALES FOR QUESTIONING.



AWAITING QUESTIONING BY POLICE: MAU MAU SUSPECTS ROUNDED UP AFTER THE SAVAGE ATTACK ON LIEUT.-COMMANDER MEIKLEJOHN AND HIS WIFE IN THE THOMSON'S FALLS AREA.



AWAITING REPATRIATION TO THE RESERVES FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER MEIKLEJOHN: KIKUYU SQUATTERS FROM THE THOMSON'S FALLS AREA IN A COMPOUND.

PERSONALITIES
OCCASIONS IN**SIR GODFREY HUGGINS.**

Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, landed at Southampton on November 28 and left immediately for London to join the Commonwealth Economic Conference, which had held its opening sitting at No. 10, Downing Street, on November 27. Sir Godfrey Huggins was represented at this first meeting by Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead, Finance Minister of Southern Rhodesia.

**THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE:—A GROUP TAKEN AT THE INITIAL MEETING AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET ON NOVEMBER 27.**

Our group at the opening meeting of the Commonwealth Economic Conference on November 27 shows (front row) five Premiers (l. to r.), Mr. Holland, New Zealand; Mr. St. Laurent, Canada; Mr. Churchill, the United Kingdom; Mr. Menzies, Australia; and Mr. Nazimuddin, Pakistan. Standing (l. to r.) are Mr. Havenga, Finance Minister of South Africa; Mr. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon; Sir C. Deshmukh, Finance Minister of India; and Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead, Finance Minister of Southern Rhodesia, deputy for Sir Godfrey Huggins.

**MISS ENID MARX.**

Designer of the 1½d. stamp in the new permanent series. She was made a Royal Designer for Industry in 1944 for pattern design. Her main fields have been textile designs, including hand block printing and book decoration. Miss Marx has also illustrated some books.

**SIR ROBERT WALEY COHEN.**

Died in London on November 27, aged seventy-five. Sir Robert Waley Cohen, a leading Anglo-Jewish personality, was managing director of the Shell Transport and Trading Company. He was in turn treasurer, vice-president and president of the United Synagogue.

**MR. K. G. BRADLEY.**

To be the Director of the Imperial Institute on the retirement of Sir Harry Lindsay on January 31, 1953. His appointment has been made, in the first instance, for a period of three years. Mr. Bradley, who is forty-eight, retired from the Colonial Service in 1948.

**SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND.**

One of the most coveted U.S. aviation awards, the Guggenheim Medal, has been awarded for 1952 to Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, head of the aircraft, aero-engine and airscrew companies bearing his name. The citation refers to his "forty years of pioneering" in aviation.

**TO BE THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN: MR. WINTHROP W. ALDRICH.**

Named by General Eisenhower as United States Ambassador to Britain in succession to Mr. Walter Gifford, who is to retire early in 1953. Mr. Aldrich, who is sixty-seven, is chairman of the Chase National Bank in New York, one of the largest banks in the United States, and is a director of many large corporations.

**GENERAL LECLERC'S WIDOW RECEIVES HIS MARSHAL'S BATON: MADAME LECLERC BEING HANDED THE BATON BY PRESIDENT AURIOL IN THE COURTYARD OF THE INVALIDES.**

On November 29 President Vincent Auriol handed a Marshal's baton to Madame Leclerc de Hauteclerc at a ceremony at the Invalides, in Paris. General Philippe Leclerc de Hauteclerc, one of France's greatest soldiers of World War II, was killed in an air crash in Algeria in 1947 at the age of forty-five. Earlier this year Parliament approved that he should be posthumously elevated to the dignity of Marshal of France in honour of his great military record.

**TO CAPTAIN OXFORD'S ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL XI, AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT WEMBLEY ON DEC. 6: GORDON MCKINNA.****TO CAPTAIN OXFORD'S RUGBY FOOTBALL XV, AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT TWICKENHAM ON DEC. 9: KENNETH SPENCE.****THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.**

Appointed Lord President of the Council on Nov. 24 in succession to Lord Woolton. Lord Salisbury has been Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations since March, when he succeeded Lord Ismay, on the latter being appointed to be Secretary-General of N.A.T.O. He will continue to lead the House of Lords.

**LORD WOOLTON.**

Appointed to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in succession to Lord Swinton. Lord Woolton, who was formerly Lord President of the Council, has been seriously ill, and the Ministerial changes were largely designed to relieve him of some of the heavy responsibility which he has been carrying.

**MRS. IVY PRIEST.**

Chosen by General Eisenhower to be Treasurer of the United States in his Administration. Mrs. Priest, who is a member of the Women's Division of the Republican National Committee, succeeds another woman, Mrs. Georgia Nees Clarke, in the post of Treasurer. Her signature will appear on dollar bills, together with that of the Secretary to the Treasury.

OF THE WEEK:
THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO CAPTAIN CAMBRIDGE'S ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL XI. AGAINST OXFORD AT WEMBLEY ON DEC. 6: REGINALD VOWLES.



TO CAPTAIN CAMBRIDGE'S RUGBY FOOTBALL XV. AGAINST OXFORD AT TWICKENHAM ON DEC. 9: IAN GLOAG



VISCOUNT SWINTON.

Appointed to be Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. Lord Swinton, aged sixty-eight, has formerly held the dual office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Minister of Materials, without a seat in the Cabinet, but now he becomes a Cabinet Minister. He will continue Deputy Leader of the House of Lords.



SIR ARTHUR SALTER.

Appointed Minister of Materials. Sir Arthur Salter has been Minister of State for Economic Affairs, assisting the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he now succeeds Lord Swinton, who was also Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Sir Arthur Salter is the first Minister of Materials to hold that office separately.



MRS. O. C. HOBBY.

Chosen by General Eisenhower to be Administrator of the Federal Security Agency. Mrs. Hobby, who is forty-seven, was head of the Women's Army Corps during the war, holding the rank of colonel. She is editor and publisher of the *Houston Post*. She was an energetic worker in General Eisenhower's campaign for the Presidency.



ARRIVING AT NAIROBI AIRPORT ON NOVEMBER 21: SIR PERCY SILLITOE, HEAD OF M.I.5 (CENTRE), WITH MR. M. S. O'RORKE, KENYA'S COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Sir Percy Sillitoe, head of M.I.5, arrived in Kenya by air on November 21 to advise on security intelligence and similar matters. On November 27 Mr. J. Wyatt, Q.C., member for Law and Order, announced in the Legislative Council in Nairobi that Sir Percy Sillitoe had seconded Mr. A. MacDonald, an experienced officer from his department, as an adviser on intelligence, with direct access to the Governor of Kenya. He said that Sir Percy Sillitoe had arrived only the previous week, but had already made his report to the Governor, who had accepted it.



WIDOW OF VICTOR EMMANUEL III.: QUEEN ELENA, WHO HAS DIED IN FRANCE.

Died on November 28 in the South of France, aged seventy-nine. Queen Elena was the daughter of Nicholas I., King of Montenegro. Her marriage to the then Prince of Naples, later Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy, took place in 1890, and the marriage was a happy one. Queen Elena dissociated herself from any political activity in Italy, but was interested in charitable works. After World War II, her husband abdicated, and her son, the Prince of Piedmont, reigned for thirty-five days before also going into exile. One of her daughters, Princess Mafalda, died in a Nazi concentration camp.

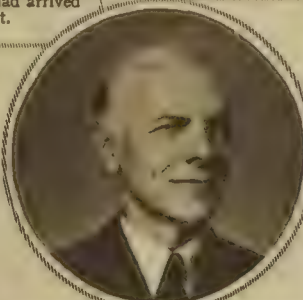


AT THE WHITE HOUSE: COLONEL J. J. ASTOR PRESENTING MR. TRUMAN WITH A COPY OF THE COMMEMORATIVE BOOK, "BRITAIN'S HOMAGE TO 28,000 AMERICAN DEAD." Colonel J. J. Astor, Chairman of *The Times* Publishing Company, was received on November 25 by President Truman at the White House. He presented the President with a copy of the American memorial book entitled "Britain's Homage to 28,000 American Dead," which is to be distributed among the next-of-kin of those Americans who gave their lives while stationed in Britain or while operating from British bases. A copy of the book was presented to General Eisenhower on November 24.



DR. SVEN HEDIN.

Died in Stockholm on November 26, aged eighty-seven. One of the world's most distinguished and adventurous explorers, he spent much of his life mapping areas of Central Asia. His eminence in his own country had long been recognised by a place among the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy. He was an assiduous writer almost until his death.



MR. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Appointed Editor of *Punch* in succession to Mr. C. Kenneth Bird ("Fougasse"), who followed Mr. E. V. Knox in the editorial chair in 1949. Mr. Muggeridge, who is forty-nine, is deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and is the author of a number of books.



DAME KATHARINE FURSE.

Died on November 25, aged seventy-seven. One of the pioneers of the women's services, she became Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service on its establishment in 1917. She had previously been Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's V.A.D. from 1914 until 1917.



GENERAL MAHMOUD.

Chief of the General Staff of the Iraqi armed forces, was given a mandate by the Regent to organise a new Government. He formed a Cabinet on Nov. 23 and proclaimed martial law throughout Baghdad province after two days of anti-British and anti-American rioting.



SEÑOR ADOLFO RUÍZ CORTINES.

Installed on Dec. 1 as the new President of Mexico. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. President Cortines defeated rival in the elections, General Miguel Henríquez Guzmán, was, at the time of the installation, still openly campaigning for a change of Government.



MARRIED ON NOVEMBER 26: VISCOUNT MELGUND AND LADY CAROLINE CHILD-VILLIERS.

The Duchess of Gloucester was present on November 26 at the wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Captain Viscount Melgund, Scots Guards, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Minto, and Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson.

THE trial in Prague of Vladimir Clementis, once Czech Foreign Minister, Rudolf Slansky, once Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party, and a dozen other leading Czech Communists, is not to be regarded as an isolated incident. Nor is it concerned with Czechoslovakia alone. It is part of a long and ferocious struggle within the party, which began immediately after the second World War—if indeed it had not begun before the last shots were fired. It is always the same struggle. If it has taken different forms, that has been because the local or national conditions have been different. In dealing with Anna Pauker there was no need of the methods now being employed in Prague, because she was not as dangerous as the Czech Communists. In dealing with Marty it was not possible to apply these methods, because France was not under Communist

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. REPAIRING THE FLAWS IN THE SHIELD.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

in the Black Sea. It is hard to imagine any action better calculated to make him a hero for the rest of his life in Communist eyes. Nevertheless, he was flung out unceremoniously. The French party was clearly bewildered. It had been for some time weakened by the prolonged absence in Russia of its former leader, Thorez, whose health the Soviet doctors are trying to restore. It was expected that he would return immediately after the crisis, but it now appears

that his progress is not sufficiently advanced for that.

Many observers expected that confessions of deviation would appear almost immediately. Yet the rejected and ejected men actually refrained from confession. This suggests that, at least in France, the faction opposed to Russian dictation is stronger than had generally been supposed. It is at all events strong enough not to haul down its flag at once in cases where the Russian party is not in a position to employ force. Perhaps this applies to other countries also. Moreover, in France, grows

have been heard from local branches. A spokesman of one of them remarked that its man was as good as any pastrycook, a reference to Duclos, one of the most prominent leaders in the Russian camp, who follows, or used to follow, that profession. There can manifestly be no question of genuine "Titoism" in France, because the Communists are not in power in that country, but continued resistance is not an impossibility. British Communists have followed the Russian line, but without much enthusiasm. They have said no more about the matter than they could help, though they have said it clearly.

So the movement which was first fully recognised when Marshal Tito was expelled from the Cominform has been continued to its logical conclusion. In justification of their action, the men who have carried out the campaign can point to the fact that Marshal Tito, though he at first denied that he was moving over to the Western side, has now obviously done so and is about to make his position definite by a visit to this country. As I have already pointed out, the proceedings against Tito, Anna Pauker, Marty, and Slansky exhibit differences brought about by circumstances but are essentially of the same nature.

Whether in a Communist State or in a State where Communism is only one party among others, the first duty is not to be a good Communist but to recognise Stalin as leader and obey the orders of Russian Communism in every particular. Napoleon was mildness itself in this respect compared with the Russian rulers, but they remind us of his words to his brother when he deprived him of the Crown of Holland for carrying out an independent policy: "The moment your Majesty ascended the throne of Holland, you forgot that you were a Frenchman; ever since you have tortured your sensitive conscience and stretched your reason to breaking point in the endeavour to persuade yourself that you are a Dutchman."

How far these divisions and purges will weaken the power of Communism it is impossible to say. On the face of it, the ruling party is powerful enough to

challenge the dissidents without loss of strength in the outside world. Yet this is not certain. Many observers thought that the ruling party was strong enough to destroy Marshal Tito, but he has survived over a long period and seems as strong as when he was cast forth from the fold. In any case, even if divisions in the Communist ranks may give rise to a

certain satisfaction from the tactical point of view, they possess another significance from the moral. They reveal a terrible doctrine; a bleak, ferocious, unbending determination to exact conformity and subservience. This complete absence of toleration, even for the misdeeds of a friend, a supporter, an old hero of the cause, is full of foreboding for the world. It is proof of a fanaticism which is astonishing and frightening even to a world that has grown all too well accustomed to fanaticism in the last generation. As trial and purge spread from one country to another we witness, even when the efforts fail, the working of a dreadful malevolence.

This carries another evil in its train. Allied with the suborning of weak, fanatical, or simply mercenary citizens of the free nations, it tends to create witch-hunting and causes people who are merely eccentric in their opinions to be ranked among the foes of their country. In the United States this process has gone so far as to alarm all the more thoughtful members of the community to such an extent that a large proportion have swung to the opposite extreme and stand forth as defenders of the propagators of subversive opinions, with which they themselves have no sympathy. Here again the Communist cause is well served. The witch-hunters have on their side the argument that men and women who were on friendly terms with people of what are called liberal opinions have already betrayed their country and sold its secrets to Soviet Russia; in the process they may have brought death upon thousands upon thousands of their fellow-citizens. It is not only in the Communist world that ideological conflicts occur. The disease is catching and has already spread too widely.

And yet the necessity for the purge in Czechoslovakia is not altogether a good portent for Soviet Russia. It is not long since the Russians engineered the last revolution in Prague, the effects of which seemed to most of us, as doubtless to them, likely to endure for a considerable time. The Government was then overthrown and the new Russian puppet Gottwald was given a free hand to set up a new one with reliable men. His calculations seem to have gone astray. It is a sign of weakness rather than strength that this trial should have been set on foot so soon after what was expected to be a shock-proof pro-Russian régime had been established. The fact that these revolts or attempted revolts occur so frequently in all the satellite countries is evidence of dislike, not of Communism—though that in itself may be unpopular in many of them—but of the absolute obedience to Russian behests which is demanded by the Kremlin. In every one of the satellite countries a stirring of national consciousness has occurred since the war. Nationality is certainly not defunct in these lands.

We should be unduly sanguine to suppose that the explosive power of nationality will be strong enough



"PART OF A LONG AND FEROCIOUS STRUGGLE WITHIN THE PARTY": VLADIMIR CLEMENTIS (LEFT) AND RUDOLF SLANSKY (RIGHT), BOTH OF WHOM WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH IN PRAGUE ON NOVEMBER 27.

Eleven former Czech Communist leaders were sentenced to death by hanging in Prague on November 27 at the end of their eight-day trial on charges of "treason, espionage and sabotage." They included Vladimir Clementis, once Czech Foreign Minister, and Rudolf Slansky, once Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party. Captain Falls writes: "Slansky, apparently the ablest and most important of the Czech group, was the most likely to develop into a Tito if he had obtained complete control of the country. . . . He and Clementis pleaded guilty to treason in accordance with the Russian formula; in fact, Slansky had learned his part so thoroughly that he once or twice spoilt the effect by giving his answer before the prosecutor could finish the question."

domination. In dealing with Tito, it was again impossible to use them because, though Yugoslavia was under Communist domination, Tito was in full control and the efforts made to overthrow him from within had failed.

No question of doctrinal unorthodoxy has emerged in any of these cases. From that point of view those who have transgressed in the eyes of Soviet Russia are as good Communists as Mr. Stalin himself. Their offence lies in attempts to obtain a measure of independence from Russia for their countries or their national Communist parties, in personal ambition, or in both. Slansky, apparently the ablest and most important of the Czech group, was the most likely to develop into a Tito if he had obtained complete control of the country. He was a Moscow-trained man. He and Clementis pleaded guilty to treason in accordance with the Russian formula; in fact, Slansky had learnt his part so thoroughly that he once or twice spoilt the effect by giving his answer before the prosecutor could finish the question. One more novel element in the trial is the evidence it affords that Russian Communism is warming up in its campaign against Jewry and the Israeli Government. This has been evident for some time, but it is now strongly confirmed. A Jewish journalist, Mordecai Orwen, stated that he had been a British intelligence agent since 1943 and had been told by Mr. Herbert Morrison in 1945 that war against Russia was already in preparation.

The two leading men tried to implicate a number of prominent international figures. Both declared that Mr. Zilliacus had served as a channel. In a confession produced in the indictment Clementis spoke of contact with Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Mr. John Foster Dulles, who at the same moment was chosen by Mr. Eisenhower as United States Secretary of State. Military information was said to have been furnished to two successive British Ambassadors to Czechoslovakia. The evidence is not without its value as propaganda; otherwise it is not of much importance. It is simply the weapon used to break the accused, the weapon of one group, the more formidable, in the Communist camp, to defeat the rival faction. Lack of loyalty to Soviet Russia can be, as it has been, mentioned in the course of purges such as this, but it can hardly provide the main charge in a nominally independent country. Therefore the charges of "high treason, espionage and sabotage" in the accused's own country have to take its place.

It is of interest to note the difference in the chain of events in France, where a Communist denounced by Moscow is not *ipso facto* condemned. There the struggle within the party was well concealed up to the last moment, and nearly everyone was astonished by the expulsion from its ranks of prominent figures. One of these, Marty, was, indeed, almost a legendary figure in the annals of Communism. During the period of Western intervention in Bolshevik Russia in favour of the "Whites," Marty, while wearing the uniform of a French naval officer—in justice to the French Navy, I should add that he was, so far as I recall, a reserve officer—had organised a naval mutiny



DISGRACED COMMUNIST LEADERS: WLADYSLAW GOMULKA (LEFT) OF POLAND, AND ANNA PAUKER OF RUMANIA.

The recent Czechoslovak treason trial in Prague follows a series of similar witch-hunts among prominent Communist leaders in the countries under the domination of Moscow. Among these leaders may be numbered Anna Pauker, the former Foreign Minister of Rumania, who was dismissed in July for "deviationism." A recent report stated that she has been removed to a Russian sanatorium with a "nervous breakdown." Wladyslaw Gomulka, another disgraced leader, was formerly Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party. He was dismissed from office in 1950 and arrested in October 1951. He is to be tried in Warsaw "soon." Like Rudolf Slansky of Czechoslovakia, he is of Jewish origin.

to smash this thralldom speedily. My own generation may not survive to see its end. Yet, whether or not there is another world war, the artificial and one-sided relationship which exists between Soviet Russia and the satellite nations is fated to be broken up eventually. Even were it founded upon common interest it would not endure eternally, but in fact the satellites are in time of peace being exploited to the utmost, while in war they are expected to serve as a shield—and a shield is carried to take the worst blows. Every now and then the sharp eyes which are always on the watch discover a flaw in the shield. It is mended promptly and thoroughly—let there be no doubt on that score. That process may continue for some time, still providing a shield, but is it not likely to become all mends and of little use for its purpose in the long run?

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN MALTA: NEW COLOURS PRESENTED TO THE 3RD COMMANDO BRIGADE.



DURING A FLYING DISPLAY FROM H.M.S. THESEUS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING A BLACK BERET ACCORDING TO FLIGHT-DECK REGULATIONS, WATCHING FROM THE BRIDGE.



ON HIS ARRIVAL AT MALTA: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) AT LUQA AIRPORT, WITH HIS UNCLE, ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA.



(LEFT.) ONE OF THE QUEEN'S COLOURS PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO NOS. 40, 42 AND 45 COMMANDOS; AND (ABOVE) THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR OF NO. 40 COMMANDO, ROYAL MARINES.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTS THE QUEEN'S COLOUR TO NO. 42 COMMANDO DURING THE MALTA PARADE IN WHICH THE 3RD COMMANDO BRIGADE RECEIVED SIX NEW COLOURS.



DURING HIS MALTA VISIT THE DUKE PLAYED SEVERAL GAMES OF POLO AND IS HERE SEATED IN THE CENTRE OF THREE TEAMS COMPETING FOR THE PRINCE LOUIS CUP. ON HIS RIGHT, LORD MOUNTBATTEN; ON HIS LEFT, MAJOR-GENERAL HEMMING, CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TEAM.

DURING his week's visit to Malta, which began on November 26, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh presented on November 29 Queen's and Regimental Colours to the units of the 3rd Commando Brigade, Nos. 40, 42 and 45 Commandos. These Colours are the first of many held by the Corps of Royal Marines to bear the Royal cypher of Queen Elizabeth II. The 3rd Commando Brigade returned to Malta from Malaya in June and this ceremony is the climax of their welcome on return from active service. The six new colours were consecrated in St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral by Archdeacon F. N. Chamberlain. In his address to the parade the Duke said: "Remember that whatever the problem, the Royal Marine Commando is always expected to achieve the impossible." On Nov. 28 the Duke visited the carrier H.M.S. *Theseus* and saw a display by naval pilots who are soon to go to Korea. During his visit the Duke played polo for the Shrimps, who lost in the final of the Prince Louis Cup to the Gunners.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

BLUEBELLS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN my last article I offered a suggestion to amateur gardeners in the matter of ordering plants, bulbs and seeds. Having made sure of all the routine necessities, the well-

known, obvious things which might be called the gardener's trustee stock, there should follow a few items to constitute a mild flutter or gamble with bulbs, etc., which are new and unknown to the amateur. Names and descriptions which arouse interest—and, maybe, a hint of doubt—are the things to go for; for they are the things which bring the interest of novelty and variety into the garden. Having made sure of your "Clara Butt" tulips, the antirrhinums and violas and petunias for basic massed colour, and lettuce—"Webb's Wonderful," shall I say?—for the good of your blood-stream, pass on to a few seeds, plants or bulbs whose names are rich in "z's," "x's" and "tsch's." Or have a bash at some things whose catalogue descriptions sound too good to be true—and probably are. On the ground that there is never smoke without fire, remember that the most lurid or lyrical nursery catalogue description was almost certainly stirred by something unusual, desirable, lurid or worth while, and not solely by cupidity in the nurseryman's heart. So put away sceptical caution and have a small flutter. Let the bulb merchant or the seedsman get away with it for once.

Having thus preached basic necessities and trustee securities first, and then a gamble in the unknown, I ought of course to have followed my own excellent advice. Actually, I did better, by reversing this order of things. I sat down with a bulb catalogue and composed and posted an order for a whole lot of rather extravagant novelties, unknowns and unpredictable, and then topped up with one good, safe block of "trustee stock." Nothing would induce me to divulge the names of the outsiders that I backed, certain though I feel that a fair proportion of winners will turn up among them next year. Some, no doubt, will become my stock-in-trade—as a writer—in future articles. And here a nice point arises. Should the cost of these unpredictable bulbs go down as some sort of "business expense," for exemption from income tax, in sending in returns, on the lines of the "city" man who runs a farm? I must write and ask the Editor of—is there a weekly called *The Farmer and Stockbroker*?

Despite my reticence about my gamble in unpredictables, I don't mind letting you in on the sure thing, the dead cert, that I have ordered. It is a collection of twelve bulbs each of eight varieties of bluebell. Being a conscientious writer, I thought it best to make quite sure what a "bluebell" is. Always I have been slightly confused by the two schools of thought on this question. So many folk refer to what I call harebells as bluebells. I consulted, therefore, the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening"—and got the shock of my life. This is what it says: "Blue-bell. See *Campanula rotundifolia* (in N. of England), *Scilla nutans* (in S.)." That makes it quite clear—up to a point. It is merely a matter of geography. In the South a bluebell is the bulbous flower that grows in woods—*Scilla nutans*. In the North, a bluebell is the wild *Campanula rotundifolia* which grows in sunny places, the lovely thing which in the South we call a harebell. And that shock of my life? I feel that the particular savant who formulated the R.H.S. definition of bluebell—and many savants worked on the "Dictionary"—was just a little insular in his geography. Britain extends beyond the Tweed, and so, too, I believe, do *Scilla nutans* and *Campanula rotundifolia*. But perhaps I am wrong and over-touchy. Maybe they have other vernacular names for *Scilla nutans* and *Campanula rotundifolia* north of the Tweed. My forbears migrated South so long ago that I don't know; so long ago that we now spell our name with

two "l's" and two "t's," which I have been told is a shameful thing.

The bluebells that I have ordered are not the true British *Scilla nutans*, but the larger-flowered species commonly known as *Scilla campanulata* or *S. hispanica*. The latest correct name is, I learn, *Scilla nonscripta*, but as an unrepentant diehard I shall hasten to unlearn *nonscripta* and cling to *S. campanulata*. Never before have I bought bulbs of this super bluebell of gardens. I found odd clumps of it both in my Hertfordshire garden and in my present Cotswold garden when I took them over—and I left it at that. They were the ordinary blue-flowered type, but quite charming in the garden and when picked for the

better garden plant than most people seem to realise, and even more than *Scilla campanulata* it is a bulb for rough places where it can be massed. Bulbs of it are offered in a

number of catalogues, both the blue type, and a white and a pink or mauve. A few of these last add interest and variety to a sheet of the blue.

An easy way of achieving a sheet of bluebells in the garden—if you are not in a hurry—is to go to a wood where bluebells grow in sheets and collect seeds to broadcast at home. It is merely a question of timing, so as to find the seed capsules just splitting open and exposing the masses of ripe seeds, black,

glossy and elusive. Shake the seeds into a bag and later broadcast them where they are to grow and remain. Bare ground should be dug over roughly before sowing, so that the seeds may become buried and covered. After that it is best to forget about them until, in the fullness of time you get your field of the cloth of blue. But do not sow your bluebells among choice small plants. Let them clothe otherwise bare ground, or compete with grass which is not so tall-growing as to hide them when in flower. On no account admit them to the rock-garden. Years ago I made rather an extensive rock-garden for Sir Austen Chamberlain, at the time that he was Foreign Minister. We found that the soil needed a little nourishing encouragement, so Sir Austen obtained a load or two of well-decayed leaf soil from a neighbouring wood. This was worked in over the greater part of the rock-garden. It was early spring. Some weeks later we found, to our horror, that thousands of tender young shoots were springing up all over the rock-garden. They were very young bluebells which had come, unnoticed, in the imported woodland soil, as minute bulbs, little larger than mustard seeds. Fortunately Sir Austen had that great asset of a true diplomatist—infinite patience. At the same time he was a true gardener, and loved nothing so much as working in the soil. For weeks after our terrifying discovery of the rash of bluebell seedlings, he spent every minute that he could muster, down upon his knees, and with monocle firmly screwed into his eye, coaxing, teasing and prising out those hateful displaced bluebells.

One other anecdote of Sir Austen at that time I must tell. Frank Barker came down and did much good work on that rock-garden. On a certain Tuesday in late May, he and I went to London for an R.H.S. Show—and also to get F. B. a passport. We were going to the Alps in June. At the passport office in Westminster we obtained the necessary application form, filled it in, and took it across to the R.H.S. Hall to find a magistrate, minister of religion or other V.I.P. authorised to sign a passport application form. The first person we met in the Hall was Sir Austen. "Without a second's thought, Frank asked him if he would 'very kindly sign this.' Without a moment's hesitation and with all the charm in the world, the Foreign Secretary whipped out his fountain-pen and signed.

Then the miracle happened. We took the form across to the Passport Office and presented it. The effect was electric, atomic. The official took the application form with studied indifference and glanced languidly at the signature. Then he froze. "What's this," he asked, "Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary?" "Yes," replied Frank, with magnificent nonchalance. The official disappeared and we turned to join the rows and rows of waiting passport applicants, sitting rooted—or if not actually rooted, certainly calloused—on their hard benches. Before we reached the nearest bench the official was back, with Frank's passport complete, and all in order.

Getting a passport in these degenerate days leaves no opening for dramatic incidents such as this. You buy it across the counter at the nearest labour exchange, as one buys a dog licence at the Post Office.



"THE LATEST CORRECT NAME [FOR THIS LARGER-FLOWERED BLUEBELL] IS, I LEARN, *SCILLA NONSCRIPTA*, BUT AS AN UNREPENTANT DIEHARD I SHALL HASTEN TO UNLEARN *NONSCRIPTA* AND CLING TO *S. CAMPANULATA*." "THIS SUPER-BUEBELL OF GARDENS" IS "QUITE CHARMING IN THE GARDEN AND WHEN PICKED FOR THE HOUSE. AND HOW EASY AND SATISFACTORY TO GROW!"

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

house. And how easy and satisfactory to grow! They flourish equally well in sun or shade, and seem to be indifferent as to soil. At flower shows, and especially at Chelsea, I have often seen vases of various forms of this bluebell. One with larger, darker blue flowers than usual, as well as pinks, mauves and whites. Among all the opulent welter of Chelsea, however, they have always looked to me rather unsophisticated country cousins. For that very bad reason, perhaps, I never ordered any. I should have known that their country-cousin appearance was in truth an index of their honest worth as down-to-earth garden plants. As to planting my eight-dozen bulbs, there will be no difficulty in finding suitable homes for them. A dozen bulbs spaced 4 or 5 ins. apart will settle in happily almost anywhere, under trees, among shrubs, in rough grass, in sun or shade, and in a year or two will join up into a solid clump to last for all time. I think I am right in saying that this bluebell, *Scilla campanulata*, does well in town gardens. The true bluebell—of South Britain—*Scilla nutans*, is a

ROYAL OCCASIONS, THE CORONATION HALL-MARK, AND BLIZZARDS IN THE U.S.



THE FIRST VISIT BY A TURKISH HEAD OF STATE TO GREECE SINCE GREECE'S INDEPENDENCE: PRESIDENT BAYAR (LEFT) WITH KING PAUL DURING THE DRIVE THROUGH ATHENS. On November 27 the President of the Turkish Republic, Djelal Bayar, arrived at the Piræus by sea for his six-day state visit to Greece. This is a return visit for that paid last June to Turkey by the King and Queen of the Hellenes, and is a sign of greatly improved Turco-Greek relations.



THE CORONATION HALL-MARK FOR GOLD AND SILVER: (L. TO R.) THE MAKER'S MARK; THE STANDARD MARK, THE LION PASSANT; THE LEOPARD'S HEAD (THE MARK FOR LONDON); THE DATE LETTER "R" FOR 1952-53; AND THE SOVEREIGN'S HEAD IN PROFILE.



PRINCESS MARGARET HAS THE LAUNCHING MECHANISM EXPLAINED TO HER ON THE OCCASION ON WHICH SHE LAUNCHED AND NAMED THE 8000-TON PASSENGER SHIP *MAORI*. On November 27 Princess Margaret visited the Walker naval yard on the Tyne to launch the turbo-electric vessel *Maori*, built by Vickers-Armstrongs for the Union Steamship Company for ferry service between Wellington and Lyttelton, New Zealand.



MAROONED BY THE SUDDEN AND EARLY BLIZZARD WHICH STRUCK THE AMERICAN MIDDLE-WEST IN THE LAST WEEK OF NOVEMBER: SOME FORTY CARS ABANDONED NOT FAR FROM AMARILLO, IN TEXAS.



DIGGING OUT A SANTA FÉ FREIGHT TRAIN CAUGHT IN THE DRIFTS OF AN EARLY BLIZZARD A FEW MILES FROM DODGE CITY, KANSAS, ON NOVEMBER 26.

During the last week of November, an unseasonably early blizzard struck the American Middle-west and caused great dislocation of road and rail traffic. A number of deaths were caused—estimated as at least thirty-one—some from road accidents, some from exposure and loss in the deep drifts and some from drowning in the swollen rivers.



BAT, BALL, STUMPS, BAILS, PADS, GLOVES AND BAG—A MINIATURE CRICKET SET, WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO PRINCE CHARLES BY MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN 1952 OLYMPIC TEAM—AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT FROM A CRICKET-LOVING COUNTRY TO THE SON OF A CRICKET-LOVING FATHER.



THE STANDARD OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FLYING FROM ONE OF THE NEW ELIZABETHAN AIRLINERS OF BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS, IN WHICH HE FLEW FROM LONDON TO MALTA ON NOVEMBER 26.



DESIGNED TO PASS THE SOUND AND "VISION" BARRIERS: THE GLOSTER TWIN-ENGINE ALL-WEATHER

The Gloster twin-jet G.A.5 *Javelin* Delta fighter, which was demonstrated at this year's Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display at Farnborough, is the first R.A.F. super-priority all-weather fighter. The Gloster Aircraft Company hold a unique position as designers of jet aircraft, for they designed and built the world's first successful turbo-jet aircraft, the Whittle E.28/39, in 1941, and their *Meteor* Mk. 1 was the first jet fighter to go into Allied squadron service during the war. Now, in the multi-purpose day-and-night *Javelin* fighter, they have produced the first Delta

fighter in England, and the first twin-engine Delta fighter to fly anywhere in the world. Powered by two Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* jets, the *Javelin* has frequently flown faster than the speed of sound, and so much fuel can be carried that the aircraft has a greater range than any other fighter in the world, even though they should be fitted with external fuel tanks. In a statement on the *Javelin* Mr. Percy Crabbe, managing director of the Gloster Aircraft Company, said: "A problem in future air strategy which is often overlooked is what may be termed the 'Vision' Barrier.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER.

JAVELIN DELTA-WING JET FIGHTER, NOW IN SUPER-PRIORITY PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

At the speed and height at which future air battles will be fought, human vision is of little value. So vast is the area of sky involved that, at only eight miles up, it is almost impossible for the human eye to make out a formation of even four aircraft during the fraction of time it would be theoretically in sight. For all practical purposes, a single bomber can be regarded as invisible to the pilot of the fast-moving fighter sent to intercept it. Yet that bomber might be carrying a load capable of destroying a small county. For that reason, more and more elaborate and bulky

radar gear must be carried so that the pilot can be certain of detecting the marauder and directing course for accurate interception. The Delta wing is the only aircraft shape which permits sufficient equipment to be carried to make this possible. For this reason the *Javelin* is alone in its class. Not only does this make it the most effective fighter in the world, but also the most important either in the air or on the drawing-board." The Air Ministry have given a substantial super-priority production order for the *Javelin*, and it is expected that other Delta-winged aircraft will follow.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PLAY OF THE FILM.

By J. C. TREWIN.

TWO productions that arrived in London on successive nights could have been announced as "The Play of the Film." One of them has surely been advertised in that phrase; and I have no doubt that many playgoers think similarly of the other, though it is a tag that would have meant nothing to MM. Labiche and Marc-Michel, who, 101 years ago, gave to the world "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie." We know it as "An Italian Straw Hat"; and it was daring of the Old Vic management to venture with the farce, realising (as it must have done) that many visitors to Waterloo Road would be murmuring to themselves, "René Clair."

I did not murmur the name, because the centenarian-farce is strong enough by this time to be considered as a play for the theatre. (Some may hold unkindly that it is in its second childhood.) I cannot say that Thomas Walton's version of the frisk, which we saw at the Arts Theatre Club in 1945, is altogether right. Poor Newton Blick, who appears now as the father-in-law of the bridegroom, has to be explosively alliterative and horticultural, in the vein (though this may not be exact) of "Curse my chrysanthemums!" And Mr. Walton likes a pun, a catch-phrase, and a Spoonerism; no bad things when used judiciously, but not everybody's joy. At the same time, in the rattle of this complicated prattle, nobody should be too critical of the means employed to keep up the pace. Except for two passages that flag sadly, the pace is kept to the last minutes in the square, with the Captain of Zouaves fishing desperately for the lamp-posted hat and, for all I know, a blue moon whirling overhead. (Perhaps Roger Furse, the designer, has provided one.)

I am not concerned here to say that M. Clair did this and that, and Mr. Carey did the other. This is not a fight between

think of his Fadinard beside, say, his Tybalt and his Proteus. And Paul Rogers may not pack away old Tardiveau in the same box with his Iago and Shylock. Never mind: it has been amusing to watch the wedding-guests (eight cabloads, says Fadinard) as they career over the Vic stage; and to see a can-can, of all dances, as it flourishes for a minute or two on those almost sacred boards. Let the Vic have its joke. The quality of

to tell the plot of a farce. To try is like copying the penance of the Cornish giant who was forever carrying sand in a sack with a hole in it. The old piece is neatly constructed; and, even if we feel that Pinero could have done it better, there is no need to labour the point.

As the bridegroom, Laurence Payne dances tirelessly through Paris; Paul Rogers, as an aged cashier and member of the National Guard, turns himself with relish into a piece of damp blotting-paper; William Squire, as the aged uncle, Vezinet, finds a blissful serenity in deafness; John Phillips and Peter

Finch behave like different brands of firework; and Yvonne Coulette is so engaging as the wearer of the hat that we regret her appearance is confined to the first ten minutes and to the last.

The other Play of the Film is wholly different. Ted Willis and Jan Read have now put upon a revolving stage, at the Hippodrome, a version of the hunt for a policeman's murderer in the East End that was filmed in "The Blue Lamp." This is half-document, half-play. It is a matter of whirling fragments, thirty and more scenes spinning past us without pause (except in a needed interval when we can return temporarily to Leicester Square from darker Stepney). Whether you think it is technically expert or technically clumsy must depend upon your opinion of the episodic play, and there has been no more episodic play than this: its technique is not theatrical but cinematic: the Play of the Film and nothing more. Still, it moves as fast as "An Italian Straw Hat"; it makes its points clearly, and there is some competent acting by Gordon Harker (who used to enjoy stage crookery, and who is now on the side of law-and-order), Jack Warner (the Inspector), Bonar Colleano (the murderer), and a company of a size to match the number of scenes. Our sympathies are with the stage management.

The end comes, very properly, upon the stage of a theatre; the gunman is concealed in the audience, and, before he is caught, there is an agreeable free-for-all in a gangway. I say "agreeable," which is magnanimous of me, considering that I was near the storm-centre. Theatre-going to-day can have its terrors.

It has indeed—at the Arts Theatre Club where Jean Cocteau's play "Les Monstres Sacrés," called in its English version "The Holy Terrors," now limps upon the stage. It is, I fear, poor stuff, by no means



"HALF-DOCUMENT, HALF-PLAY. IT IS A MATTER OF WHIRLING FRAGMENTS . . .": "THE BLUE LAMP" (LONDON HIPPODROME)—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, SHOWING TOM RILEY (BONAR COLLEANO) FEELING VERY MUCH A MAN BEHIND A GUN, ATTACKING P.C. GEORGE DIXON (GORDON HARKER).



"AN EVENING OF THE BROADER FOOLERY THAT ADDICTS WILL ENJOY": "RING OUT THE BELLS" (VICTORIA PALACE), SHOWING AN EPISODE FROM THE SCENE IN WHICH THE CRAZY GANG ARE BABY-SITTERS AND EVOLVE A PATENT SYSTEM FOR FEEDING THE "BABY." (L. TO R.) JIMMY NERVO, CHARLIE NAUGHTON, TEDDY KNOX, JIMMY GOLD AND BUD FLANAGAN.

Carey and Clair. The piece is rattled along with a pleasant farcical invention; and though we may hold that some of it clumps and clatters, that old Nonancourt is a bore, and that the second-act songs at the piano are too long, Labiche and Marc-Michel should not be displeased at the way in which their old joke comes to life.

No doubt some of my colleagues have been bothered by the appearance of the play at (of all theatres) the Vic. It is not, we gather, the right stage. I must admit that it looks odd, sandwiched on the season's programme between "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice." But why worry? If we must find a sufficiently portentous reason for the revival, the "Straw Hat" is snug in the repertory of the Comédie-Française. It may be better, though, to suppose that the Vic chose it for its own sake as a happy revel, and one that had gone very well previously, with another cast, at the Theatre Royal in Bristol, the Western stronghold of the Vic which Denis Carey directs.

The new revival (post-dated to the 1880's) may not be remembered long. I do not suppose that Laurence Payne himself will

mercy is not strained: we shall be coming back to Shakespeare very soon.

The cast thrusts the play along most gallantly. It will be recalled that a Parisian bridegroom's horse has eaten the Italian straw hat of a young married woman who is out with a Captain of Zouaves. She must, at any cost, have the hat's twin before she goes back to her wildly jealous husband. Therefore the bridegroom, on his wedding-day, has his bride and his guests pursuing him in a mad rush from pillar to post, from milliner to Comtesse, from morning to night: a long helter-skelter, hurry scurry, in search always of the elusive ghost of that Leghorn straw hat trimmed with poppies, the hat that seems to be the only example surviving

in Paris. We find, of course, that the poor fellow has been moving in a circle, that the hat he chases is the hat that has been eaten—but why go through the plot? There is much more; and no one should attempt



"A CAN-CAN IN WATERLOO ROAD. THE VIC CAST CUTS A CHEERFUL CAPER BEFORE IT RETURNS TO SHAKESPEARE": "AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT" (OLD VIC)—A SCENE IN WHICH LAURENCE PAYNE, AS M. FADINARD, IS RESTRAINED FROM DEPARTING WITH HIS BRIDE, HELEN GUDRUN URE, BY M. BEAUJOLAIS (PETER FINCH). LOOKING ON (LEFT) ARE THE BRIDE'S COUSIN, BOBY (MICHAEL REDINGTON), AND THE BRIDE'S FATHER, NONANCOURT (NEWTON BLICK).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ONE MUST DIE" (Irving).—Good acting by Alexander Gauge, Lee Fox and Frances Clare in an artificial suspense-play that petered out tamely. (November 10.)
 "THE BRIDGE" (Theatre Royal, Bristol).—Denis Carey produced with unobtrusive art this highly intelligent drama, by Lionel Shapiro, of conflicting loyalties in post-war Europe. (November 11.)
 "RING OUT THE BELLS" (Victoria Palace).—The Crazy Gang, led by Bud Flanagan, in one of its crazy revues: an evening of the broader foolery that addicts will enjoy. I wish I were an addict. (November 12.)
 "TO-MORROW'S TOO LATE" (Comedy).—Throughout, a play was struggling to rise above its clotted clichés. Now and then it did. Certainly Clive Morton did all he could for a crime-novelist in dire trouble. (November 17.)
 "AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT" (Old Vic).—A can-can in Waterloo Road. The Vic cast cuts a cheerful caper (alliteration is catching) before it returns to Shakespeare. (November 18.)
 "HIGH BALCONY" (Embassy).—Peter Ustinov wrote this strong, contentious play in 1946. It is acted and produced with uncommon effect at the Embassy, a theatre that is now on the crest. (November 19.)
 "THE BLUE LAMP" (Hippodrome).—A police "document" comes to the theatre. Here are the "flicks" on a revolving stage: managed efficiently by all concerned. (November 19—withdrawn December 6.)
 "THE HOLY TERRORS" (Arts).—Minor Cocteau, a negligible Parisian anecdote, with Fay Compton to strengthen it. (November 20.)
 "THE MOUSETRAP" (Ambassadors).—One of Agatha Christie's knotted puzzles, now to the tune of "Three Blind Mice." A good crossword-evening. (November 25.)

material for so fine an actress as Fay Compton. She presents a Parisian actress who is involved, for some reason, in a dreary variation on a "triangle" theme. There is one good passage (purely an incidental decoration), a joke at the expense of radio interviewing. But, during the rest of the night, I would have been happy if Fadinard and the eight cabloads of guests could have run across to the Arts stage from the Vic, and from an older, gayer Paris.

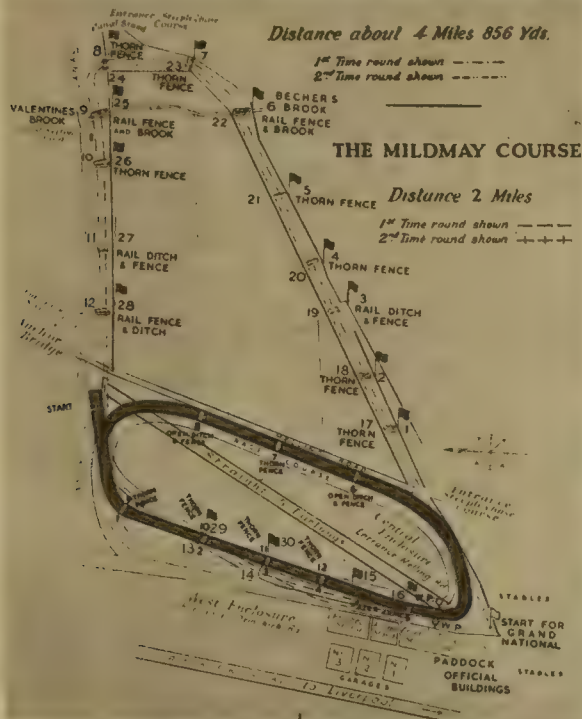
NOVELTIES, AND INGENUOUS DEVICES: A MISCELLANY OF THE UNUSUAL.



AN ITINERANT AMERICAN "UNCLE": A CUSTOMER RAISING A LOAN ON A WATCH INSIDE THE MOTOR PAWNSHOP KNOWN AS THE "LOANMOBILE."
The "Loanmobile" is a new American invention for the convenience of those who find themselves obliged to raise a loan unexpectedly. It is a pawnbroker's office set up in a specially equipped bus, and is stationed in a different section of one of New York's boroughs each day of the week.



WITH A TANK DRIVING OUT OF IT DOWN THE RAMP: THE POWERFUL NEW UNITED STATES VEHICLE KNOWN AS THE "BARC," FROM "BARGE, AMPHIBIOUS, CARGO."
The "Barc," a huge 60-ton vehicle which derives its name from "Barge, Amphibious, Cargo," is 61 ft. long, 27½ ft. wide, and 16 ft. high, powered by four 165-h.p. Diesel engines, each driving a 10-ft. rubber wheel; and is operated by a crew of three. It is said to be able to carry a railway locomotive.



INSPIRED BY A GREAT AMATEUR RIDER AND NAMED AFTER HIM: THE MILD MAY COURSE, LIVERPOOL.
The new Mildmay Course at Liverpool (shown in heavy black) was due to be opened this week. It was suggested by the late Lord Mildmay as a form of initiation to the stiffer Grand National Course. Of its twelve fences in the two miles (several to be taken twice), five are new, one is a Grand National fence, and one a Stanley Chase jump.



MADE BY A CZECH TO ASSIST HIS ESCAPE FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: A MAKESHIFT "SNORKEL" APPARATUS.
A Czech, who had fled from a prison labour battalion, heard from Radio Free Europe how a frontier river had been swum by another refugee. He made an under-water breathing apparatus out of an old German gasmask fitted with a rubber tube topped by a float camouflaged with twigs, and used it successfully to swim under water.



SUBJECT OF A COUNTY COURT CASE: "THE NAKED TRUTH" SIGN, WHICH NEED NOT BE COVERED.
An advertisement representing a female figure, with the words "The Naked Truth is revealed by us in major defects in cars," was painted on a wall by the proprietors of a Motor Mart at Hounslow. A neighbour claimed an injunction, but the judge decided it might remain. He called it "an æsthetic touch to commercial enterprise."



A HIGHLY INGENUOUS "PAPER MOSAIC" AT A TECHNICAL SCHOOL AT CHISLEHURST: A CLOSE-UP OF THE WORK, SHOWING ITS METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.
A remarkably effective "mosaic" of The Blessed Virgin and Child and Saints has been carried out in an unusual medium by pupils at a technical school at Chislehurst. Instead of using cubes of different coloured



CARRIED OUT BY THE PUPILS AS A LARGE-SCALE DECORATION FOR A TECHNICAL SCHOOL PREMISES: A SACRED SUBJECT IN "MOSAIC" OF DIFFERENT COLOURED PAPER.
marble, or squares of glass, the extensive decoration has been constructed entirely of small squares of paper of different colours which, with patience and skill, were pasted over the pencilled design.



A HANDSOME book, containing seventeen illustrations in colour and seventy-two in monochrome, has just been published by Collins. The subject—a forty-odd-year-old English painter, Edward Seago, who belongs to no particular set or club—is prodded along by no coterie, and is his own ambassador in foreign parts—in short, for an age which can scarcely breathe without reference to some kind of official or semi-official sanction, a phenomenon of private enterprise. He owns a yacht in which he gets about

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD SEAGO.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

of the impressionist movement. . . . He says that before going to London we had no conception of light. The fact is we have studies which prove the contrary. He omits the influence which Claude Lorrain, Corot, the whole eighteenth century and Chardin especially exerted on us. But what he has no suspicion of is that Turner and Constable, while they taught us something, showed us in their works that they had no understanding of the *analysis* of shadow. . . . It seems to me that Turner, too, looked at the works of Claude Lorrain, and if I am not mistaken one of Turner's paintings hangs next to one of Claude's." (This was in the National Gallery, by Turner's special request.) "Symbolic, isn't it? Mr. Dewhurst has a nerve."

So much for controversy—now for Edward Seago, who can stand on his own feet not merely as an English, but as a European painter. I forget when I first saw either a water-colour or an oil by him—certainly not more than two or three until last year, when I was fortunate enough to be in London when Colnaghi's were hanging a couple of dozen or more for an exhibition, and in addition were getting together a series for a show which had a great success in Canada. Many of these are reproduced in this book, and very pleasant it is to be reminded of them. Now

trick, but the result of a personal vision based upon laborious study—the science is there in full measure, the summary strokes of the brush, the delicate nuances of light and shadow, all the painter's technical cunning harnessed to a temperament which sees the outward aspect of things in terms of light—a man well fitted, if you like, to trap a sunbeam and put it on canvas.

All this seems to have begun when Seago was a small boy, and heart trouble laid him on his back for months on end. There he was, looking up at the sky and watching the clouds and drawing what he saw. At ten years of age he knew he was going to be a painter. Later he learnt much—but not too much—from Bertram Priestman and sold a picture or two in local shows in Norwich. Then came a sort of apprentice wander-year, accompanying a horse-drawn circus round England, Ireland, Belgium and France, and a book or two illustrated by himself. He might, had he been less wise, or less ambitious, have settled down as a painter of horses with a purely East Anglian reputation and had not his early interest in the behaviour of light under an infinite variety of conditions drawn him to landscape—that and an obvious passion for the broad skies and soft atmosphere of his native county. The war took him into the Army, where in due course he served on the staff of both Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck and Lord Alexander. His heart became troublesome again in 1944, and he found himself a civilian, but was summoned by Lord Alexander to fly out to Italy and depict the closing scenes of the Italian campaign, published in book form as "With the Allied Armies in Italy." Since then he has experienced continuous success, a little to the disquiet of the supercilious, who are liable



"FIRST COMMUNION: CHALONS": A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF SEAGO'S USE OF WATER-COLOUR. (15 by 11 ins.)

In our issue of Nov. 15 we reproduced four colour plates from "Edward Seago: Painter in the English Tradition"; here reviewed by Frank Davis, which, like the illustrations on this page, were reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins. This scene shows Seago's masterly use of water-colour.

By courtesy of Mr. A. D. Pilkington.

the narrow seas and to which we presumably owe some understanding paintings of Ostend and the Seine, not forgetting Paris. His English pictures are mainly of his native East Anglia, and he brings to Italy an English accent—or so I think—which is at once romantic and precise. Mr. Horace Shipp has written a most interesting account of the painter's life and background, but seems to me to have laid himself open to the charge of undue Chauvinism in his insistence upon Seago's dependence upon the English tradition. Both Wilson-Steer and Constable might well consider him as their pupil, but so might Boudin and so might Camille Pissarro.

English painting has plenty to be proud of without going out of its way to rebuke the French for being French, and when, at this time of day, we dig up from the decency of oblivion the dusty heresy that Constable was the father of the French Impressionists, we overplay our hand: The relationship, surely, is not as close as that, and it should be sufficient for our national pride to agree that each fine painter praises God in his own way, learning something from his predecessors. Pissarro, writing to his son Lucien in 1898, after a visit to Holland, says: "The thought that struck me after I had seen not only the Rembrandts, but the works of Franz Hals, Vermeer and so many other great artists, was that we modern painters, we are unassailably correct to seek where they did not or rather to feel differently from the way they did, since different we are, and their works are so definitely of their time that it would be absurd to follow them." As for the Constable theory, this first made its appearance in a book by Wynford Dewhurst in 1904. Pissarro had told him how he and Monet, while they were in London in 1870, had admired Turner and Constable and Old Chrome, but in another letter to his son (1905) he says: "This Mr. Dewhurst understands nothing

there's another show in the same gallery, coinciding with the publication of the book. I must confess I find him a difficult man to write about—I mean, as a painter, of course—because he appears at first sight to turn out these sensitive landscapes without any conscious effort, which is clearly impossible; then you look again and realise that it is not just a conjuring



"EVENING SUNLIGHT: CHIOGGIA": ONE OF EDWARD SEAGO'S OIL PAINTINGS OF ITALY. (24 by 18 ins.) Edward Seago has painted in many European countries. "France, and Belgium, Holland and Italy, have each worked their spell, so that there is something subtly different in the drawings and paintings he made of such places." [By courtesy of Mrs. G. T. Hutchinson, Los Angeles.]



"CURTAIN CALL": AN OIL PAINTING BY EDWARD SEAGO. (30 by 25 ins.)

Edward Seago at one period made a number of paintings of the ballet. "As an artist that blaze of artificial light and exotic colour was not only a thrill, it was a challenge," and he made studies and paintings of individual dancers posing or resting, scenes, ensembles, views from the remote gallery, from the boxes, the wings. [By courtesy of Mr. W. A. R. Collins.]

to be puzzled by paintings which do not have to be explained or related to a particular philosophy, and which somehow make people say: "That's just how I would like to record the beach at Yarmouth or the quay at Ostend or the Pont St. Michel in Paris if I could express myself in paint."

Happy the man who can with such apparent ease snatch us out of ourselves and make us look with delight at the visible world through his eyes—yes, and on occasion, hear a north-west gale sweeping over the marshes! It may be that what he has so far produced (of which an extremely well-chosen selection is illustrated in this book) is merely the beginning. It is true that in any half-a-dozen of his paintings you can find reminiscences of his predecessors on both sides of the Channel, just as you can hear echoes of, say, Beethoven, or Debussy, in the work of modern musicians; I suppose every successful painter is in danger of turning out either clever pastiches of other men's work or of imitating himself until he merely reproduces a formula. But Seago has already evolved a personal style—a sensitive handwriting—which derives from the past but which is very much his own, and I am inclined to bet that he will not be content to stand still. Decidedly a man worth watching.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Edward Seago, Painter in the English Tradition." Introductory Text by Horace Shipp. Illustrated with 88 Plates, 17 in Colour. (Collins; £4 4s. Limited Edition de luxe of 85 copies at £8 8s.)

THE CENTENARY OF THE PILLAR-BOX, BLIGH'S LONDON HOME, AND OTHER PICTORIAL NEWS ITEMS.



(LEFT.) "WILLIAM BLIGH, 1754-1817, COMMANDER OF THE *BOUNTY*, LIVED HERE": NO. 100, LAMBETH ROAD, WITH ITS L.C.C. PLAQUE IN POSITION.

(RIGHT.) THE BURIAL-PLACE OF "CAPTAIN BLIGH OF THE *BOUNTY*": A VIEW OF HIS TOMB OF COADE STONE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. MARY, LAMBETH.

Recently one of the L.C.C.'s well-known blue-and-white plaques was affixed on the front of No. 100, Lambeth Road. The inscription records that William Bligh, commander of the *Bounty*, lived at that address. He established his home at No. 100, then newly-built, in 1794, and retained possession of it until about 1813, though he was absent for a few years after 1805, when he was appointed Governor of New South Wales.



OBTAINABLE AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT: NYLON STOCKINGS SOLD FROM SLOT MACHINES IN BERLIN.

The women of Berlin may now obtain nylon stockings at any time of the day or night by simply placing a 5-mark coin (about 8s.) in a slot machine. The machine has twelve glass-fronted compartments containing different sizes and shades.



THE LITTLE BEAR THAT GREW UP: BRUMAS ON HER THIRD BIRTHDAY EXAMINING PRESENTS FROM FAITHFUL ADMIRERS.

Brumas, the Polar bear which as a cub became the greatest attraction at the London Zoo, celebrated her third birthday on November 27. Many of her admirers have remained faithful through the passing years and she received birthday cards and gifts.



THE ELECTIONS FOR THE SAAR PARLIAMENT: A HOSPITAL PATIENT RECORDING HIS VOTE ON NOVEMBER 30. On November 30 voting took place for the Saar Parliament, and it was estimated that of about 620,000 votes recorded some 25 per cent. had been deliberately spoilt in accordance with the instructions of the West German Bundestag. The Christian People's Party headed the poll.



ERECTED IN BIRMINGHAM IN 1856: A FLUTED PILLAR-BOX SURMOUNTED BY A BELL-SHAPED DOME AND CROWN.

The first British pillar-box was erected in Jersey on November 23, 1852, following a suggestion made by Anthony Trollope to his official superiors. London's first pillar-box was erected in Fleet Street in 1854. Here we show some of the pillar-boxes in the keeping of the General Post Office records office and the latest type, bearing the Royal cypher "E.R. II.", recently erected in Whitehall.



EMBODYING NATIONAL EMBLEMS IN THE ELABORATE ORNAMENTATION: A PILLAR-BOX OF 1856.



OF SIMILAR DESIGN TO THAT SHOWN ON THE LEFT: A PILLAR-BOX OF 1856 AT THE G.P.O. RECORDS OFFICE.



THE FIRST OF THE NEW REIGN: A PILLAR-BOX ERRECTED IN WHITEHALL BEARING THE ROYAL CYPHER.

THE TINY HUMMING-BIRD AS A PET IN AN AMERICAN GARDEN.



(ABOVE.) THE MOST ELUSIVE AND YET THE TAMEST BIRD KNOWN: A HUMMING-BIRD FEEDING FROM A VIAL OF SWEETENED WATER WHICH IS HELD IN A MAN'S MOUTH. THESE LITTLE BIRDS SEEM TO HAVE NO FEAR OF THE HUMAN FACE.

IN our issue of August 23 we published a unique photograph of a female Ruby-throated humming-bird flying down to a gladiolus only to find a bee just about to go into the flower ahead of her. This photograph aroused great interest both here and in the United States, and we are pleased to have received some more photographs of Ruby-throated humming-birds from Mr. Laurence B. Fletcher, the Director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, Boston, which we reproduce on these pages. These photographs all show humming-birds which were attracted to Mr. Fletcher's garden at Lily Pond, Cohasset, Massachusetts. The Ruby-throated humming-bird is the most elusive and yet the tamest bird known, and apparently has no fear of human beings. This species is among the smallest of the humming-bird family, averaging $3\frac{1}{4}$ ins. from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail. The underparts

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) MORE INTERESTING THAN ANY NEWSPAPER: A LITTLE HUMMING-BIRD INTERRUPTS A NOTED ORNITHOLOGIST, WHO IS READING HIS PAPER ON A VERANDA, TO FEED EVERY FEW MINUTES FROM A TUMBLER OF SWEETENED WATER. THE LITTLE BIRD RETURNED TIME AND AGAIN TO FEED WITHIN AN INCH OF THE ORNITHOLOGIST'S FACE.



WILD HUMMING-BIRDS THAT FEED FROM THE HAND: AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS.



(LEFT.) COMING TO FEED FROM A MEDICINE DROPPER: A TINY HUMMING-BIRD ENJOYING SOME SWEETENED WATER. MR. LAURENCE FLETCHER WRITES: "ONE COULD WALK IN THE GARDEN FOLLOWED BY THE LITTLE HUMMER FEEDING FROM THE DROPPER."

Continued.

of both male and female are grey, the head and back iridescent green, the plumage of the male being further enriched with a ruby-red throat. The tongue is protrusible and forms an organ for the capture of insects and the imbibing of nectar. The humming-bird family *Trochilidae* is confined to America. The northern distribution of the Ruby-throated species is Labrador, but it winters in Central America. These birds have a buzzing, insect-like flight, and their exceedingly rapid wing-beats enable them to fly backwards, sideways and "stand still" in the air. The nest is solidly built; it is a beautiful structure, being covered with bits of lichen cemented together with cobweb, saddled on the top of a branch. Some species suspend their nests from stems, leaves or tendrils. The eggs, almost invariably two in number, are white and nearly symmetrically pointed. The mother bird is very solicitous for her offspring.

(BELOW.) A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE HUMMING-BIRD'S LACK OF FEAR OF HUMAN BEINGS: A YOUNG BIRD HELD IN THE HAND IS FED WITH REGURGITATED FOOD BY ITS MOTHER, WHO HAS POISED HERSELF ON THE FIRST FINGER.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE theory underlying the use of insecticides seems logical enough, and its results obvious. If the chemist can produce a compound and if an insect dies when this is applied to it, obviously it is only necessary to treat an insect pest with a preparation containing this compound to get rid of the pest. Unfortunately, in dealing with living organisms the obvious is not always the correct solution, and the logic must take into account a complex of factors, some of which are unknown but must be allowed for. So it happens that in practice the seemingly obvious produces the paradox that the use of an insecticide may actually increase the numbers of a pest; or,



WITH ITS OUTLINE PARTLY OBTAINED BY SMALL PARTICLES OF DERRIS CAUGHT UP ON THE WHISTLES CLOTHING THE BODY AND LEGS: A FRUIT-TREE RED SPIDER MITE, REPRODUCED HERE TWENTY-THREE TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE.

alternatively, it may kill off one pest and allow the emergence of another species, hitherto innocuous, to pest proportions. The best single example to illustrate this is the fruit-tree red spider mite. This has always been with us, but in such low numbers that its effect on fruit-trees was entirely negligible. In other words, it used not to be a pest. The reason for this was that there were many natural predators to keep it in check. The use of tar-oil winter washes, and other insecticides, killed off not only the insect pests against which they were directed, but also the predators of the red spider. Now, we have red spider as a pest and efforts are being directed towards finding a remedy for it, not only in this country but in many other parts of the world. Worse still, the efforts being made to overcome fruit-tree red spider are leaving the way open to the emergence of even more troublesome pests.

In reply to Mr. Edward Greenwood, who has raised the query in a letter to me and prompted this writing, I can say with some confidence that the effect of the misuse of insecticides is now acknowledged by chemist and biologist alike. What then, is the answer to such pests? To give this we must first appreciate how the pests arise. Under natural conditions, there is normally a balance between insects and other animals feeding on vegetation and those things preying on them. Any natural phenomenon upsetting that balance may permit temporarily a rapid increase in one or other of the vegetarians, but this is soon followed by an increase in numbers of the animals feeding on it, with the result that the natural balance is restored. Mankind tills the soil and embarks on a mono-culture—that is, the cultivation of a single type of plant over a wide area. In addition, mono-culture is accompanied by tidiness, the clearing of weeds, undergrowth and the like. These two things together produce a lack of stability. Abundance of its special food is provided for one species of insect, or other animal. There is a rapid increase in their numbers and at the same time there is a corresponding lack of variety in the predators.

In a well-kept orchard we see a neat stretch of grass with orderly rows of trees surrounded by trimmed hedges or even nothing but a tidy fence. It is on the trees that the red spider lays its eggs, and it is on these trees that the whole development of the "spider" takes place. The needs of its many

MAN-MADE PESTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

predators are, however, very much more varied. Many of them, from long habit, are unable to lay their eggs except on one or other of the weeds and other forms of undergrowth that would normally be present if tidiness were not a primary consideration. In other words, pests of crops are a man-made thing, and the unwise use of chemical controls has merely served to make them worse.

If this is so, it may well be asked why insecticides are used, and why were they employed in the first instance. The first insecticides were comparatively harmless, because they were largely selective in their effects. Nicotine affords a good example of this, because it was more effective against aphides than against the enemies of aphides. Its use in fumigating a greenhouse had this in its favour, that with a short exposure it was deadly to aphides but not to the parasites of aphides. Its use could, therefore, be controlled, with beneficial results. Lime-sulphur and lead arsenic are also largely selective in their effect, and used with discretion were almost wholly beneficial. The real trouble began with the discovery of D.D.T. and the other more powerful killers, and more especially with the uninformed enthusiasm with which supplies of these chemicals were employed on the land. Right from the start the danger has been realised by the entomologists, whose words of warning went largely unheeded.

It is not surprising that these apparent panaceas were seized upon by those tilling the soil. They gave quick results, and were spectacular in their effects. A farmer or a gardener is not a research biologist, in the usual sense of the word, and when, after using one insecticide another pest appeared, he naturally regarded this as yet another manifestation of a malign Nature and looked to the chemist to produce another drug to combat the new pest. Now he is in the grip of a

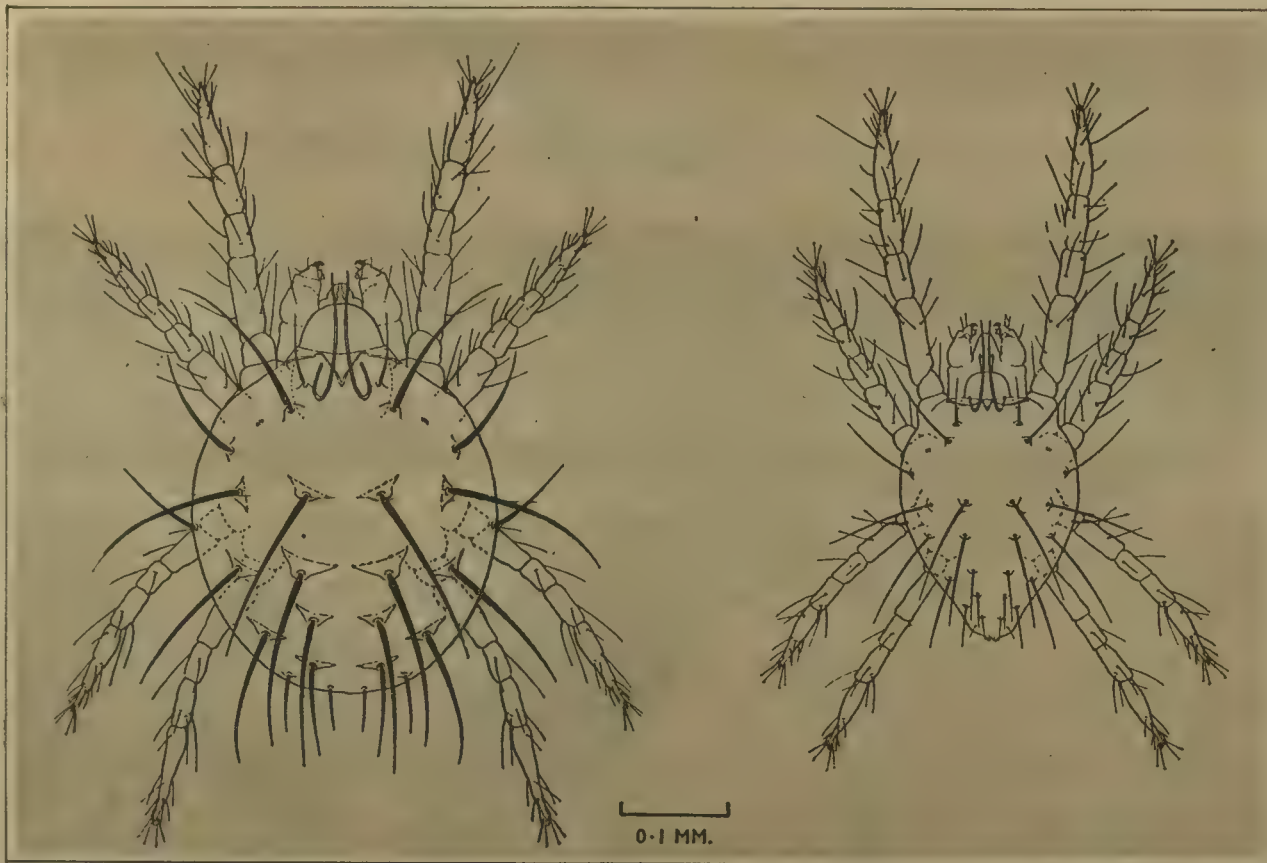
vicious spiral. More and more spraying must be done, with a greater variety of chemicals and at every season of the year, at great cost in time, labour and money. Yet the fact remains that there are parts of the world where the peasants, in their ignorance, indulge in a husbandry that makes a close approach to natural conditions, and these are not bothered with pests, never call for insecticides, and manage to produce satisfactory crops. On the other hand, there are enlightened farmers, in this country and in other parts of the world, who are producing satisfactory results without the use of chemicals, or at most by the intelligent use of the minimum of chemicals, by allying themselves with Nature instead of seeking to conquer it.

There are, of course, many uses for insecticides which lead only to good results, as in pests of timber or furniture, where there is no natural balance to be upset. Furthermore, insecticides have been invaluable in war to meet emergency situations, when long-term policy has to give way to immediate necessity.

Some of the bad effects of insecticides in agriculture are: the tendency to build up resistant strains; the killing-off of predators and parasites; the high cost of using them; the need for increased spraying as time passes; the toxic effects of some insecticides



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL ENEMIES OF THE FRUIT-TREE RED SPIDER MITE: THE BLACK-KNEED CAPSID BUG, SHOWN HERE 4½ TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE. The Black-kneed Capsid bug lays its eggs on apple trees and other vegetation, especially on rough-barked trees such as the Worcester Pearmain. The eggs are found particularly on the young shoots springing from the trunk and branches. An insecticide such as D.D.T. will kill the Capsid bug and leave the red spider mite unscathed.



SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE ADULT FEMALE AND MALE OF THE FRUIT-TREE RED SPIDER MITE, *Metatetranychus ulmi*—A DORSAL VIEW DRAWN FROM MOUNTED SPECIMENS AND GREATLY MAGNIFIED. From the drawing by Dr. R. S. Pitcher reproduced in a paper by Catherine A. Blair and Joan R. Groves of the East Malling Research Station, published in "The Journal of Horticultural Science," Vol. XXVII., January 1952.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

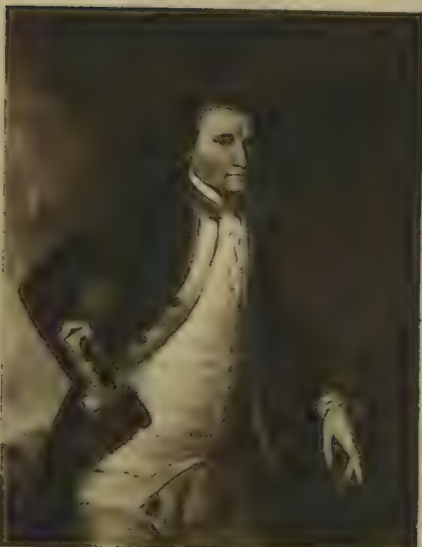
on man and beneficial animals, such, for example, as bees; and, finally, and by no means least important, the diversion of entomologists, who might otherwise be carrying out research into methods of biological control, to testing insecticides and their effects.

Biological control, in plain English, means using natural methods for restoring a balance upset by man's actions. If crops could be grown under completely natural conditions there would be no pest problem. Since this cannot be, since all agriculture is artificial to a greater or lesser extent, then the problem is how to replace natural controls. Insecticides could be the answer only if they were all made to be selective, to kill only the pest and leave the predator unharmed.

Good biological control is probably the better answer but is a long way off in all but a few cases. On the other hand, the perfecting of selective insecticides is almost certainly further off still. Biological control means more teams of research entomologists to learn more and more about the life-histories and interactions between animal and animal, and animal and plant. In fact, to work out the uttermost ramifications of an extremely complex natural balance, which, incidentally, does not necessarily exclude the use of all chemicals, but curbs the unintelligent use of them.



THE FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE: SIR T. STAMFORD RAFFLES (1781-1826). FROM A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO JAMES LONSDALE. (Lent by the Zoological Society of London.)



THE GREAT EXPLORER AND CIRCUMNAVIGATOR: CAPTAIN JAMES COOK (1728-1779). FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN WEBBER. (Lent by Trinity House, Hull.)



THE FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA: SIR WALTER RALEIGH (c. 1552-1618). FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. (Lent by the Tower of London.)



THE VICTOR OF QUEBEC: GENERAL WOLFE (1727-1759). FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE. (Lent by Sigmund Samuel, Esquire.)

THE important Commonwealth Economic Conference, attended by seven Prime Ministers, was expected to last for not more than a fortnight. This Conference opened on the evening of November 27 at No. 10, Downing Street, but its later meetings were held in a Conference Chamber which during the war was used by the Air Council but which is now used by the Treasury. It looks out upon King Charles Street. This fine chamber has been recently renovated; and for this occasion, the Minister of Works, Mr. David Eccles, invited from various sources the loan of portraits and statuary of great men, from this country and overseas, who have contributed to the history of the Empire and Commonwealth. We show here eight of the Empire builders, administrators and defenders who look down on the deliberations of their successors. Other interesting portraits which adorn the walls of the chamber, the ante-rooms, entrance and tea-room include: Lawrence portraits of Wellington and the 1st Earl of Durham (the great Governor-General of Canada); Lord Nelson, by Simon de Koster; a bust of W. M. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister in the first war; an

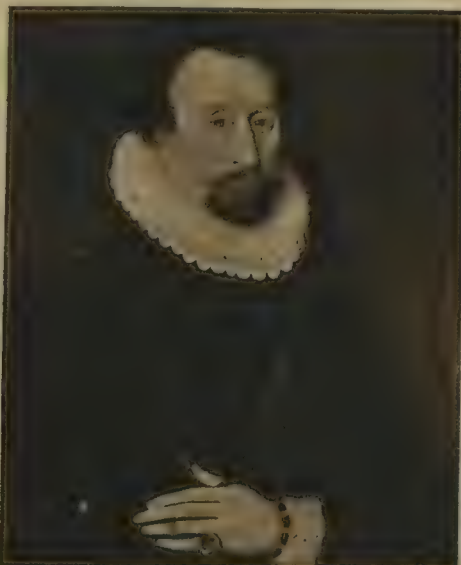
(Continued below.)



WHERE THE COMMONWEALTH LEADERS OF TO-DAY HAVE BEEN CONFERRING BENEATH THE EYES OF THE BUILDERS OF THE EMPIRE: THE FORMER AIR COUNCIL ROOM IN WHITEHALL, NOW REFURNISHED AND HUNG WITH PORTRAITS OF THE EMPIRE'S GREAT, LENT FOR THE OCCASION.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN SOLDIER-STATESMAN AND AN ARCHITECT OF THE COMMONWEALTH: GENERAL J. C. SMUTS (1870-1950). FROM A PAINTING BY JOSSELIN BODLEY. (Lent by the Rhodes Institute, Oxford.)



THE ELIZABETHAN ADMIRAL, ADVENTURER AND DEVELOPER OF NEW WORLD TRADE: SIR JOHN HAWKINS (1532-1595). FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. (Lent by the National Maritime Museum.)



FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: ADMIRAL PHILLIP (1738-1814). FROM THE BUST BY C. L. HARTWELL. (Lent by St. Mildred's Church, Bread St., through the Royal Empire Society.)



THE SOUTH AFRICAN EMPIRE BUILDER AND DEVELOPER OF RHODESIA: CECIL JOHN RHODES (1853-1902). FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD ROWORTH. (Lent by the Rhodes Institute, Oxford.)

WHERE THE COMMONWEALTH LEADERS OF TO-DAY MEET BENEATH THE EYES OF THE EMPIRE'S BUILDERS.

(Continued.) equestrian statuette of Field Marshal Botha; William Pitt, a mezzotint by Houston after William Hoare; and Joseph Chamberlain, by John Sargent. In

addition, there are a number of extremely interesting early paintings of scenes throughout the Empire, borrowed from various Ministries.

WHERE THE ELAMITE KING UNTASH-GAL BUILT A CITY IN THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.

EXCAVATING THE GREAT ZIGGURAT AT CHOGA-ZAMBIL, IN KHUZISTAN.

By DR. R. GHIRSHMAN, Director of the French Archaeological Missions in Persia.

THE French Archaeological Mission, which has been working for more than fifty years in Susiana—that is to say, the province of Khuzistan, in the south-west of Persia—has just undertaken the exploration of the site of Choga-Zambil, about 18½ miles (30 kilometres) as the crow flies to the south-east of Susa. The ancient name of Choga-Zambil is known: Dur-Untashi. This town was built by the Elamite king Untash-Gal, who reigned in the middle of the thirteenth century B.C., in one of the most brilliant periods of Elamite history, when, as the result of one conquest after another, this Power extended its boundaries far to the west and north. Several inscriptions of Untash-Gal were found by the Mission actually at Susa, where the activity of this king, a great builder of temples and palaces, has been known of for several decades. It is known that Jacques de Morgan, the first Director of the French Mission

(Continued below.)



FIG. 1. BEFORE EXCAVATION: THE MOUND OF CHOGA-ZAMBIL, IN WHICH LIES THE ZIGGURAT WHICH THE ELAMITE KING UNTASH-GAL BUILT IN THE HEART OF HIS CITY, DUR-UNTASHI, ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 2. AFTER THE FIRST SEASON'S EXCAVATION: THE ZIGGURAT AT DUR-UNTASHI (CHOGA-ZAMBIL), FROM THE SAME ASPECT AS FIG. 1, SHOWING THE NORTH-EAST FACE.

(Continued.)

in Susiana, was responsible for the discovery of oil-fields in Persia. The petroleum company has repaid the debt to archaeology by discovering Choga-Zambil, and it was, in fact, the geologists who, while prospecting in this region, rediscovered the site and brought back inscribed bricks. The first soundings, which were made a little before the last war, sufficed to identify this ancient town, whose memory survives in the description of the seventh campaign of King Assurbanipal. This conqueror of the Elamite kingdom, after having taken and pillaged its capital, Susa, pursued the last Elamite king who, in flight before the victorious Assyrian army, had reached the town of Dur-Untashi, on the right bank of the Ididé. This town is the Choga-Zambil of to-day; it was destroyed in this war, about 640 B.C., and, it seems, never again inhabited. The river to which the Assyrian scribes referred still carries the same name, since it is called Ab-e-Diz, the "diz" of modern Persian corresponding to the "didé" of old Persian. The town consists of two concentric enclosures, the outer one being about 1300 yards by 875 yards (1200 metres by 800 metres), and the inner, almost square, with a side of 437 yards (400 metres). The latter encloses in the centre of the town the *temenos*, or sacred quarter, in the middle of which rises a *ziggurat*, or stepped tower (Figs. 1 and 2). Many towers of this type are known in Mesopotamia, that of Babylon serving as the prototype of the Bible's Tower of Babel. The labours of the Mission began with the excavation of the *ziggurat*. This is the most easterly evidence of the spread of the Sumero-Elamite religion,

(Continued opposite, centre.)



FIG. 3. THE SUMMIT OF THE ZIGGURAT WHICH DR. GHIRSHMAN BELIEVES TO HAVE BEEN CROWNED WITH A TEMPLE. IN THE DISTANCE LIES THE RIVER AB-E-DIZ.



FIG. 4. FOUND AT THE BASE OF THE ZIGGURAT, BUT BELIEVED TO BE DECORATION OF THE SUMMIT TEMPLE: A TERRA-COTTA "NAIL," INSCRIBED "I, UNTASH-GAL."



FIG. 5. ONE OF A NUMBER OF ENAMELLED TERRA-COTTA PANELS, WITH BOSS INSCRIBED "I, UNTASH-GAL," FOUND AT THE FOOT OF THE ZIGGURAT.

NEW-FOUND SHRINES OF THE GODS INŠUŠINAK, NABU, HUBAN AND IŠNIQARAB.



FIG. 6. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SIDE OF THE ZIGGURAT INTO THE TEMPLES OF IŠNIQARAB AND NABU DURING THE COURSE OF EXCAVATION. SEE ALSO FIG. 2.



FIG. 7. IN THE FORECOURT OF THE TEMPLES OF NABU AND IŠNIQARAB: A BASE OR ALTAR OF BAKED BRICK, DEDICATED BY UNTASH-GAL TO HUBAN AND INSUSINAK.



FIG. 8. SOME OF THE INSCRIBED BRICKS OF THE ROUND ALTAR SHOWN IN FIG. 7, RECORDING THE ACT OF THE ELAMITE KING IN BUILDING AND DEDICATING IT.

Continued.
heads bear the same inscription, must have been deeply fitted into the walls of the façade. That this upper temple existed seems also to be confirmed by a discovery, made on the slope of the ziggurat near the upper stage, of a little head of a lioness in black stone (Fig. 10), which probably was part of the temple furnishings, as was a large stone door-hinge. The ziggurat has been partly cleared on the north-east face, where we have uncovered, at no great height above the level stage (not yet reached by the dig), a chapel in baked bricks, from which one reaches a landing by means of a small, vaulted stair. From this a twice-turning stair, also in baked bricks, leads to the next stage. The framing which forms the base of the landing has preserved to this day nearly 4 metres (4½ yards) of baked bricks *in situ*, of which some courses carry inscriptions of the king Untash-Gal, who says that he has dedicated this monument to the great god Inšušinak. Opposite



FIG. 10. THE HEAD OF A LIONESS, CARVED OUT OF BLACK STONE, FOUND ON THE UPPER SLOPES OF THE ZIGGURAT AND BELIEVED TO HAVE COME FROM A TEMPLE AT THE SUMMIT.

Continued.
the north-east face and at the foot of the ziggurat, the Mission began the excavation of temples, which it appears were dedicated to several deities of the Elamite pantheon (Fig. 6). A cella sacred to the god Išniqarab was brought to light; one of its walls has been preserved to the height of nearly 9 ft. 9 ins. (3 metres) and the embrasure of one of its doors still retains baked bricks covered with inscriptions and fitted into the mass of sun-dried bricks. The floor of the cella was strewn with little round discs of glass (Fig. 9). These seem to have come from the ceiling, where they were fitted into the earth and plaster, and they must have sparkled in this dark shrine by the light of the torches lit by the priests. Several eyes carved out of shell (Fig. 11), set in bitumen sockets, had also been scattered on the floor. These seem to have been torn from statues

Continued.
and it rises against a background of the neighbouring snow-covered mountains of the Iranian plateau. The first campaign of excavation at Choga-Zambil has not yet allowed us to establish the exact number of stages which formed the complete tower. On its summit (Fig. 3), but now worn away by time, stood originally the temple, where, one supposes, the god first set foot when he descended to earth. This building has disappeared without a trace. But at the foot of the tower we have found elements of its architectural decoration. These are panels of enamelled terra-cotta (Fig. 5) with a central boss carrying an engraved inscription in Elamite cuneiform of the Royal builder: "I, Untash-Gal." Other decorative elements, "nails" of enamelled terra-cotta (Fig. 4) whose convex

[Continued on left.]



FIG. 9. SOME OF THE GLASS DISCS WHICH WERE FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE CELLA OF IŠNIQARAB AND WHICH PROBABLY DECORATED THE CEILING.



FIG. 11. EYES CARVED OUT OF SHELL AND WITH BITUMEN SOCKETS. PROBABLY TORN FROM STATUARY OR BAS-RELIEFS DURING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY.

or bas-reliefs of gods, for we have found outside the cella, but quite near it, a fragment of a head in frit, enamelled and coloured, of which the eye-sockets were empty. A narrow passage separated this sanctuary from another, which was dedicated, it appears, to the god Nabu. Where this passage debouches on the open place before the sanctuary (Fig. 6) there stands a base or an altar (Fig. 7), circular, about 13 ft. (4 metres) in diameter, decorated with four niches in shaped baked bricks, of which some carry an inscription, still of Untash-Gal, which says that he dedicated it to the gods Huban and Inšušinak (Fig. 8). The site, which covers an area of nearly two square kilometres, comprises huge habitation areas and certainly some Royal buildings, which will be excavated in the course of work yet to come.

FRENCH 19TH-CENTURY ART: SELECTIONS FROM A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"COUR D'UNE FERME NORMANDE"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875), THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER WHO GREATLY INFLUENCED THE IMPRESSIONISTS. PAINTED C. 1845. CANVAS. (17½ by 12½ ins.)



"BÛCHERON PRÉPARANT DES FAGOTS"; BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875), WHO LIVED IN GREAT POVERTY, BUT WAS RECOGNISED AFTER HIS DEATH. PASTEL. (19½ by 13½ ins.)



"ROSES"; BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), A PAINTER WHO IN THIS COUNTRY IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS FLOWER PAINTINGS. PAINTED IN 1875. CANVAS. (14½ by 10½ ins.)



"CANAL IN HOLLAND"; BY J. B. JONGKIND (1819-1891), BORN IN HOLLAND, BUT OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL. SIGNED AND DATED 1866. CANVAS. (16½ by 22 ins.)



"EGLISE DE L'ÎLE DE FRANCE"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (BORN 1883), PAINTER OF URBAN VIEWS OF "HAUNTING EMPTINESS." PAINTED C. 1916. PANEL. (15½ by 21½ ins.)



"JEUNE FILLE AVEC OISEAU"; BY BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895), THE SISTER-IN-LAW OF MANET AND A MEMBER OF THE IMPRESSIONIST GROUP. CANVAS. (25½ by 21½ ins.)



"TÊTE D'UNE JEUNE FILLE"; BY ARNADEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920). CANVAS. (21½ by 13 ins.)



"JEUNE FILLE AU CHIGNON"; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). PAINTED IN 1882. FROM THE COLLECTION AMBROISE VOLLARD. CANVAS. (22 by 18½ ins.)

A number of important paintings of the French nineteenth century are on view at the exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions VII," which opened recently at Tooth's Bruton Street Galleries and will continue until December 29. The "Jeune Fille au Chignon," by Renoir, is a remarkably beautiful portrait by that great painter, and near it hangs the charming "Jeune Fille avec Oiseau," by Berthe Morisot, who was greatly influenced by Renoir. She was Manet's sister-in-law and a member of the Impressionist Group. The portrait by

Modigliani is a characteristic example of the style of this painter of Italian extraction who was so prominent a member of the French school of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. His very individual style was once described as that of a "negro Botticelli," an apt and witty epigram. The landscape by Jongkind which we illustrate is of remarkable beauty, and recalls the Dutch origins of this artist, who though born in Holland, is regarded as a member of the French school.

CLASSIC, ROMANTIC AND REPRESENTATIONAL: FINE PAINTINGS NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON.



"BORDEAUX—LE SOIR"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), A PAINTER INFLUENCED BY COROT, AND FAMOUS FOR HIS COAST SCENES. DATED 1877. CANVAS. (18½ by 26 ins.)

THE exhibition, "Recent Acquisitions VII.", at the Bruton Street Galleries of Arthur Tooth and Son, ranges over a wide field, as the exhibits include a "Holy Family With a Donor," by F. Bissolo (c. 1470-1554)—(a pupil of Bellini, whose paintings are rare), and a Picasso of "The Three Ages of Man," which dates from 1942. One of the features of the display consists in the admirable

[Continued below, centre.]



"THE CHURCH OF THE REDENTORE"; BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). PALLADIO'S CHURCH ON THE GIUDECCA WAS BUILT AS A THANK-OFFERING FOR THE END OF A PLAGUE. CANVAS. (18 by 30 ins.)

[Continued.]

series of landscapes which illustrate very clearly the development of landscape painting on the Continent and in this country. The splendid Richard Wilson, which has been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, is a calm and static painting in the grand manner of Claude, with, in the foreground, a group of slightly romanticised figures representing "Apollo and the Seasons." Although the artist painted three variants of this subject, this picture is believed to be the

[Continued above, right.]



"A VIEW ON THE STOUR"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837). INSCRIBED ON STRETCHER "STOUR 1804." A VIEW TOWARDS MANNINGTREE. CANVAS. (8½ by 13½ ins.)

[Continued.]

records of the fashions of the time of the Empress Eugénie. John Constable, one of the greatest of our native landscape artists, is represented by a small oil sketch of a view on the Stour. His intense love of nature is recorded in every stroke of his inspired brush and by the way in which he painted the changing beauty of the English skies, and of our green and pleasant land. Other important artists represented include Gustave Courbet. His "Paysage de Jura" is an



"SCÈNE DE PLAGE"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898). HE WAS A FRIEND OF JONG-KIND AND ALSO WORKED WITH ISABEY AND TROYON. PAINTED c. 1880. CANVAS. (12½ by 18 ins.)

[Continued.]

painting of this title exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1779. The two Canalettos, characteristic examples of the style of the Venetian painter whose views of his native town with gondolas and figures of men and women are so highly prized, were originally in an English collection. The Church of the Redentore, a fine example of Palladio's work, was built as a thank-offering for

[Continued below, centre.]



"THE PRISON AND THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS, VENICE"; BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). COMPANION PICTURE TO THE CHURCH OF THE REDENTORE. CANVAS. (18 by 30 ins.)

[Continued.]

the end of a plague; and, by the way, contains the two best-known paintings by Bissolo, whose sacred group, previously mentioned, is hung facing the Canalettos in the current exhibition. With the Boudins we move to landscapes with figures of the nineteenth century, enchanting as paintings of the breezy coast of the north of France, and delightful on account of their documentary interest as

[Continued below, left.]



"APOLLO AND THE SEASONS"; BY RICHARD WILSON (1713-1782). PURCHASED BY THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE. CANVAS. (39½ by 49 ins.)

attractive small painting, and his dramatic picture of a breaking wave is an impressive example of his style. The exhibition also includes an interesting Gainsborough portrait of John Charles Middleton, painted c. 1785, when the sitter was twenty-eight. This is a hitherto unrecorded portrait of the artist's London period which has never previously been out of the possession of the family of the sitter.

NO parent can complain that there is only a narrow choice of books for children this Christmas. Certainly from what I have seen there is liable to be an *embarras de riches*. From a vast pile which I have around me at this moment I make the following selection.

First, those of general interest. Outstanding among these is Rowland Emmett's *NELLIE COME HOME* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). This is the story, with inimitable Emmett illustrations, of how Nellie, that very remarkable if aged railway engine, decided to pay a visit to the United States. She was accompanied, of course, by Albert Funnel, her driver, and Frederick Firedoor, guard-fireman-porter and general factotum. They indulged in a number of remarkable adventures in the United States before they returned to the branch line which is Nellie's natural habitat. Nellie, of course, is much smartened up by her contact with the New World, but the essential Nellie remains largely her inimitable self.

I suppose that *MOON AHEAD!* by Leslie Greener (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), is designed for older boys. All I can say is that this middle-aged boy enjoyed every moment of the first expedition to the moon, by this author, at any rate! After reading not so long ago a description, by the Astronomer Royal, on conditions in the moon, I was happy to find that the adventures of this party are apparently scientifically credible. There is, of course, a foreign power which seeks to control the earth from the moon, an expedition from which gets there at the same time, but right triumphs and wrong is worsted, and the whole business is thoroughly exciting.

As a small boy my nose was to be found for an hour at a time in the Wonder Book series. The latest, separated in time from my Wonder Books by about forty years, is *THE WONDER BOOK OF AIRCRAFT* (Ward Lock; 12s. 6d.). It is a most attractive and thoroughly satisfactory publication which will delight most boys. Fathers with air-minded sons, moreover, would find it an elementary precaution to study it.

For boys, too, there are some excellent adventure stories, of which I particularly recommend *THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FISH*, by Gertrude Robinson (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). This is the story of fourteen-year-old Chris Tobey, a Cornish boy whose family is under a cloud in Oliver Cromwell's England because of the assistance given by his father to Charles II. after Naseby. He crosses the Atlantic, deserts the ship with its Puritan master in which he did so, and with a boy and a girl and an Indian boy of his own age, begins the fish-curing business for which his family had been famous in Cornwall. There are plenty of adventures, and the whole story is no bad introduction to the history of the American colonies in their early stages.

Secret weapons are always exciting, and when they are dealt with by "Sea-Lion" in his second book for children, *THE SECRET WEAPON* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), they can be very exciting indeed. This is the story of a group of international mischief-makers attempting to stir up trouble in the Near East, in which, of course, they are foiled by two naval lieutenants and a young actress, and, naturally enough, the Royal Navy is very much in evidence.

For boys with an interest in Nature, Mr. Maxwell Knight's excellent little book *THE YOUNG FIELD NATURALIST'S GUIDE* (Bell; 10s. 6d.), will prove an ideal gift. It covers a wide range of subjects and should do much to induce a youngster to use his eyes in our countryside.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS, by F. Douglas (Faber; 9s. 6d.), is about a small boy aged eleven-and-a-half, which is, as he justly points out, nearly twelve, and his younger cousins who, as the title implies, have the knack of getting themselves into strange situations. There is life in a circus and in the film world, and not a little detective work in which, of course, small boys of that age specialise. Good straightforward adventure for younger boys.

COWBOYS IN POP-UP ACTION PICTURES, which is by E. Joseph Dreany (Publicity Products Ltd. 5s.), is a most ingenious little publication which should tell a small boy everything he may wish to know about life on the range. I have spent a quite unnecessary length of time studying the ingenuity with which the pictures in fact pop up.

A Christmas Hamper of Books for Children.

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

SARACEN'S TOWER, by Ralph Hammond (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is an exciting adventure story for rather older boys, dealing with the adventurous crew of *The Maid*, a 15-ton ketch, largely in the Mediterranean, while in contact with international crooks of an appropriately villainous nature.

I was never terribly fond of Billy Bunter, but I am sure that he has his followers, and *BILLY BUNTER'S BEANFEAST*, by Frank Richards (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), will no doubt delight them. The plagues of the Remove had a lot of jolly fun crossing the Channel to Boulogne on a day excursion.

Reverting to the question of field study, there are four excellent little volumes in the Field Study Books series, all published by Methuen at 9s. 6d. They are *COASTWISE CRAFT*, by T. C. Lethbridge, an acknowledged authority on the development of the ship from the earliest times to the present day; an almost too technical book on *CADDIS*, by Norman

animals, which tours the countryside. A new Beatrix Potter is an event, and while this book has appeared in the United States, it is quite unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

For girls there is Mr. Laurence Meynell's charming adventure story of a cat and a little girl called Ann in *SMOKY JOE* (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Judith Masfield, the Poet

Laureate's daughter, produces her first book, *THE MARVELLOUS MERLAD* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), and the children who will read it will, I know, join with me in hoping that this will be by no means her last.

THE WIND IN THE WOOD, by "BB" (Hollis and Carter; 18s.), is a most interesting and attractive book in which some children on a snowy winter's evening find themselves in the company of the great authors of children's fairy stories, such as Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen and Nathaniel Hawthorne. *CHARLOTTE'S WEB*, by E. B. White (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), is a pleasing tale of life on a farm beginning with the rescue of a runt piglet by a little girl called Fern, who brings him up, and a very nice little pig he becomes.

"ON STAGE PLEASE," by Joan Selby-Lowndes (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a semi-factual account of how a young girl was able to train for the stage at one of our famous stage schools. *THE SCHOOL ON CLOUD RIDGE*,

(Hutchinson; 6s.) by Mabel Esther Allan, is about a co-educational boarding school in the Cotswolds. I am sure that Pussy and Collie Alleyne enjoyed themselves at the school, but I am afraid I am a little prejudiced about this type of institution. *THE WHITE ELEPHANT*, by Pauline Clarke (Faber; 9s. 6d.), is an unusual story for older girls, which begins when young Nona buys a fur coat, and in what should have been empty pockets finds . . . but you should discover that for yourself.

RAINBOW AND SPEEDY, by Esmé Hamilton, with illustrations by Lionel Edwards (Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.), is a sequel to "Speedy" by the same author, that attractive story of an attractive Irish pony. The scene is set as before, in Ireland, and the tale is wholly delightful. *BROGEN FOLLOWS THE MAGIC TUNE*, by Patricia Lynch, illustrated by Peggy Fortnum (Burke; 10s. 6d.), is a delightful story in the authoress's favourite vein of the "little people" and the quarrelsome wandering fiddler who steals the magic tune. Irish children will love it, and I should be surprised if it isn't equally popular on this side of the Irish Sea.

THE WONDERFUL FARM, by Marcel Aymé (Bodley Head 9s. 6d.), is unusual in that it is a translation from the French (very competently done by Norman Denny) of a story of two little girls, Delphine and Marinette, on a farm somewhere in France. *LUCY CUCKOO*, by Mary Coventry, with illustrations by Shirley Hughes (Faber; 6s. 6d.), is the story of a cuckoo which, unlike all the rest of this breed, longed to have a regular domestic life. The Mary Poppins series are justly beloved, and the new edition of them, *MARY POPPINS IN THE PARK*, by P. L. Travers (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), will still further enhance the author's reputation and spread the pleasure which he gives.

THE GREYMOUSE FAMILY, by Nellie M. Leonard, illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), a series of stories about Mother Greymouse and her children, are wholly suitable to the young. For those between seven and twelve, *TORRY THE ROE DEER*, by Cecilia Knowles, with drawings by Leslie Atkinson (Falcon Press; 10s.), is a pleasant Highland tale about one of the most charming animals which inhabit these islands.

ALICE IN MUSIC-LAND, by Ernest La Prade, author of "Alice in Orchestra Land" (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is a pleasant little tale about Alice's adventures in the world of harmony, which I would personally appreciate more if I was a musician. I can imagine, however, that the book could serve as a painless way of reconciling a young lady to the necessity of doing scales.

Finally, Miss Amy Hogeboom has produced four books on animals with practical guides as to how to draw them, which almost set me reaching for my pencil and putting my spaniels on to the sitter's stand. They are all published by Putnam at 6s., and are *CATS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM*, *WILD ANIMALS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM*, *DOGS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM*, and *BIRDS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM*.

Children's Books: A Christmas Suggestions List.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

"Grey Lance," by Gerald Raftery; "The Perilous Descent," by Bruce Carter; "North for Adventure," by Richard S. Lambert (all Bodley Head; 8s. 6d., 8s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.). "School for Spies," by Frank Cox; "The Dead Forger," by Captain A. O. Pollard, V.C.; "Grey Chieftain," by Joseph E. Chipperfield (all Hutchinson; 6s., 6s., and 10s. 6d.). "The Flying Saucer," by John Sylvester (Ward Lock; 8s. 6d.). "The House in the Sea," by W. H. Wood (Harrap; 8s. 6d.). "The Adventure of the Scarlet Daffodil," by D. Clewes (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.).

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

"The Bridal Gown," by Diana Ross (Faber; 10s. 6d.). "Three Solve a Mystery," by Constance Woodhead; "Mill School Mystery," by Isobel St. Vincent; "Film Stars at Riverlea," by Constance M. White; "What Happened Next," by Dorothy B. Upson (all by Hutchinson; all at 6s.).

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"The Goose Green Mill Mystery," by Nora Mylrea; "The Macclains of Glen Gilleen," by Mabel Esther Allan; "Linda and the Silver Greyhounds," by Winifred Donald (all Hutchinson; all at 6s.). "Black Bass Rock," by Marianne Macdonald; "Hunter's Moon," by M. E. Atkinson (both Bodley Head; both at 9s. 6d.). "Nancy Plum," by Betty Macdonald (Hammond, Hammond; 6s.). "We Never Knew Uncle," by Linda Boscawen (Collins; 8s. 6d.). "Return to Derrykreen," by Mabel Esther Allan (Ward Lock; 8s. 6d.). "The Voyage of the Dawn Treader," by C. S. Lewis (Bles; 10s. 6d.). "So Hi and the White Horse of Fu," by Cynon Beaton-Jones (James Barrie; 8s. 6d.).

BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

"Madeline," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Verschoyle; 12s. 6d.). "Stories for Jane," by Catherine Storr; "Jan Klaassen Cures the King," by Antonia Ridge (both by Faber; 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.). "Mary Plain and the Twins," by Gwynedd Rae (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 5s.). "Highland Bumble," by Magdalen Eldon (Collins; 7s. 6d.). "The Exploits of Moominpappa," by Tove Jansson (Benn; 7s. 6d.). "The Winkle Society," by Peter Thornhill (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). "Puppy Tales," illustrated by G. W. Backhouse (Collins; 1s. 6d.).

ANNUALS, HOBBIES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

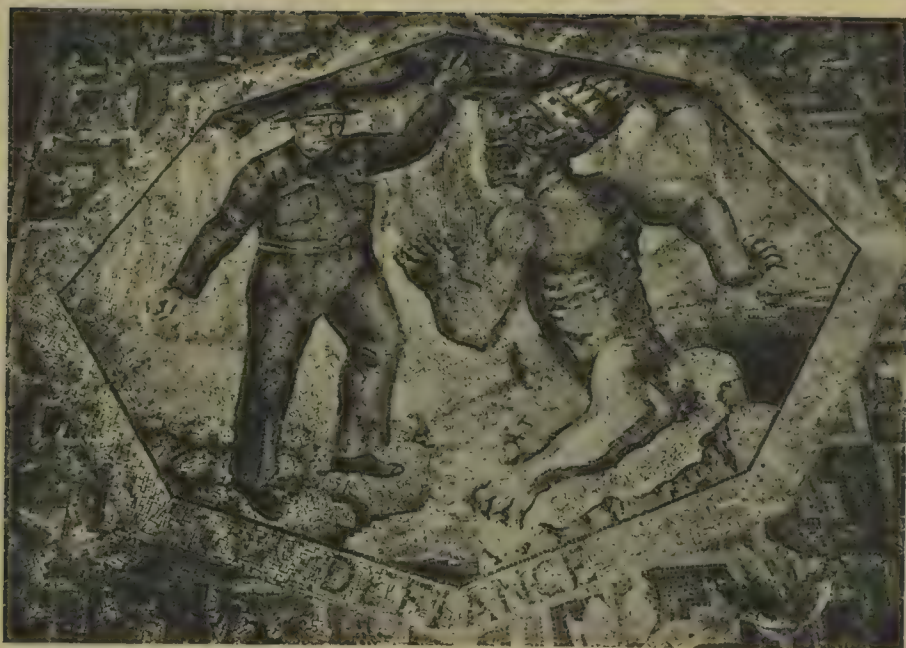
"Denis Compton's Annual" (Stanley Paul; 10s. 6d.). "The Helen Haywood Christmas Book" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). "The Walt Disney Treasure Book" (Odham's; 8s. 6d.). "Getting to Know British Wild Animals," by David Stephen (Collins; 12s. 6d.). "A Child's Book of Horses," by E. Joseph Dreany (Publicity Products; 2s.). "How Trains Work," by Geoffrey Day (Hutchinson; 2s. 6d.). "The Duck"—photographs by Ylla, story by Margaret Wise Brown (Harvill; 10s. 6d.). "X.Y.Z. and After," by Gladys M. Rees (Hale; 8s. 6d.). "Judy's and Andrew's Puppet Book," by Muriel Goaman (Faber; 6s. 6d.). "A Nonsense Alphabet," by Edward Lear (H.M. Stationery Office; 1s. 6d.). "Enid Blyton's Noddy Song Book" (Ricordi; 3s. 6d.). "The Days Before Christmas," by Fritz Wegner (a Christmas-card plus; Hamish Hamilton; 2s. 6d.).

E. Hickin, which should, however, prove of interest to the really scientifically-minded child; and *THE BRITISH AMPHIBIA AND REPTILES*, by L. Harrison Matthews, which is rather more simply written. *OAKS AND OAK WOODS*, by A. G. Tansley, is an attractive little book, and, like all the others in this series, excellently illustrated.

Orlando, the Marmalade Cat, makes a most welcome appearance in *ORLANDO: A SEASIDE HOLIDAY*, by Kathleen Hale (Country Life; 12s. 6d.). Fans of the admirable Orlando, of which I am one, will be delighted by his reappearance, together with his family and friends.

For the very young there are two charming little books, *EBENEZER THE BIG BALLOON*, by Diana Ross, illustrated by Leslie Wood (Faber; 8s. 6d.), and *THE LITTLE HORSE BUS*, Mr. Graham Greene's charming successor to the *LITTLE FIRE ENGINE*, a delightful, simple little tale with which this great, if bitter, novelist delighted the hearts of children on both sides of the Atlantic.

Also extremely welcome is *THE FAIRY CARAVAN*, by Beatrix Potter (Warne; 10s. 6d.). This is a long account of a miniature circus run by animals for



MR. CHURCHILL IN A SIREN SUIT DEFYING AN APOCALYPTIC BEAST, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE CLIFFS OF DOVER: "DEFIANCE," ONE OF MR. BORIS ANREP'S PANELS IN THE NEW MOSAIC PAVEMENT IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A REPRESENTATION OF HIGHLY CULTURED "LEISURE": THE POET MR. T. S. ELIOT RECLINING BY A REGENCY ARMCHAIR ON A TERRACE OVERLOOKING LOCH NESS, CONTEMPLATING THE MONSTER AND EINSTEIN'S THEORY.



SYMBOLISING "COMPASSION": A YOUNG WOMAN IS BEING SAVED FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH BY AN ANGEL. THE MOSAICS, WHICH INCLUDE FIFTEEN PANELS, ARE CARRIED OUT IN NATURAL MARBLE CUBES, WHICH HAVE BEEN BROUGHT FROM MANY LANDS.



SYMBOLISING "WONDER": ALICE OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" ABOUT TO START ON FRESH ADVENTURES, RECEIVES GIFTS FROM NEPTUNE IN THE PERSON OF MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A.

Mr. Boris Anrep's newly-completed mosaics in the Vestibule of the National Gallery are as diverting and even more lighthearted than those he completed in the same building a number of years ago. They have been compared to pages from a society *roman à clef*, featuring real people, for the artist has followed the same convention as in his earlier pavement and selected contemporary personalities to represent the various abstract qualities and virtues he depicts. Thirteen panels are titled "Defiance," "Compassion," "Wonder," "Humour," "Leisure," "Lucidity," "Curiosity," "Open Mind," "Sixth Sense," "Pursuit," "Compromise,"

"WHO'S WHO" IN MOSAIC: MODERN ADDITIONS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



BERTRAND RUSSELL (LORD RUSSELL) PULLING TRUTH FROM A WELL, PLUCKING OFF HER LAST DISGUISE—A MASK: THE PANEL REPRESENTING "LUCIDITY" IN THE NEWLY-COMPLETED MOSAIC PAVEMENT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A PANEL DESIGNED TO PORTRAY "COMPROMISE": A YOUNG WOMAN, A PORTRAIT OF MISS LORETTA YOUNG, WEARING A PHRYGIAN (REPUBLICAN) CAP AS WELL AS A ROYAL CROWN, IS POURING RED AND WHITE WINE INTO A GOBLET.



THE PANEL SYMBOLISING "CURIOSITY": MR. ANREP HAS CHOSEN TO REPRESENT LORD RUTHERFORD BESIDE HIS EARLY APPARATUS. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ATOM SPLITS.



"OPEN MIND," REPRESENTED BY EARL JOWITT: HE WEARS HIS ROBES AS LORD CHANCELLOR, WHILE JUSTICE AND THREE-HEADED JANUS STAND BEHIND HIM.

"Folly" and "Delectation"; two are merely inscribed "Here I Lie" and "Rest and Be Thankful," and represent the artist's tomb and the sign of a public-house. Mr. Churchill, wearing his wartime siren suit, as "Defiance" faces a monster; and Mr. T. S. Eliot is cultured "Leisure" in *excelsis*, surrounded by symbols of the arts and studying both Einstein and the Loch Ness Monster. Lord Rutherford (1871-1937), pioneer in studies of the nuclear nature of the atom, represents "Curiosity," and this unusual "Who's Who" in mosaic also features Viscountess Norwich, Dr. Edith Sitwell, Miss Margot Fonteyn and others.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ALMOST, the "novel-series" may be called an un-British activity. Oddly enough, the terser French are prone to it, whereas in our less corseted tradition it is not the vogue. Trilogies we do have—but rarely outside, undetermined ventures à la *Jean-Christophe*. However, in "*Martha Quest*," by Doris Lessing (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), we launch on one of these extended trips. The point of embarkation is a farm in Africa. So far, the theme is youth—baffled, aspiring youth, all theory, frustration and revolt. But there is not (it may be well to say) the faintest likeness to "*The Story of an African Farm*," that lyrical, romantic rocket. This tale keeps firmly to the ground; by contrast, one might say it plods. It is substantial—you could cut it with a knife. And it is incomplete, the mere beginning of a series to be known as "*Children of Violence*."

I doubt if Martha, the young subject, will be well received. For she is not a sentimentalist's young girl. She is a "child of violence" through and through: born, one might say, of the old war, and ripening towards the new one, in a fiery land seething with race oppression and resentments. She is at the volcanic stage of growth, violently self-absorbed, violently rational, intolerant, idealistic, and (as she well knows) boorish and perverse. The shoddy makeshift of a farm, her mother's snobbery, her father's lost, neurotic brooding keep her in a perpetual ferment. Guided by Joss and Solly Cohen at the store, she has the right ideas; she can't wait to get out and live. Yet she is somehow spell-bound and immobile—fighting her parents, mulling over books, and letting opportunity go by.

Joss cuts the knot, by finding her a job in town. Then a new pressure starts: the need to be alluring, to be someone's girl, and to "have experience." Causes, ambitions are postponed; she has become a bright young thing, sleeping three hours a night, living on snacks and alcohol—and so impatient to be claimed, that for a short time anyone will do. Later, of course, they are found wanting. But she can't wait to pick; and in the pre-war marriage boom, though marriage is the last of her desires, though her brief sympathy for Douglas has already waned, she can't help getting married. They are quite certain to break up; but there we leave her, on the threshold of another life.

This is decidedly a woman's novel, though not quite in the usual sense. It is tough-minded, vigorous and realistic; its changing background is superb—but then the heroine has so much in her. Rather too much, perhaps, for male digestion.

"*The Chicago Story*," by Ira Morris (Hart-Davis; 12s. 6d.), has less originality and power. It is a family chronicle, starting with rugged individualism, or creative genius, and ending hopefully in a new dawn. Adolf, the German immigrant, began from scratch, became a founding father of Chicago and a King of Beef, and preaches the survival of the fittest. Strength must be measured in possessions, which are secured, quite rightly, by exploiting labour, fighting the unions tooth and nail, and sending rotten meat to soldiers in the Caribbean. In this dynamic spirit he has built his house. And at the time, at that stage of American development, he "could no other"; Adolf Konrad is a great man. But times have changed, the one-man business is going out. In his own yards Adolf must give place to the dry McKenna, the eternal manager. And in the next, the "no-good" generation, he has no true heir. His children have been spoiled by wealth; they are all soft, incorrigible "buyers"—all except Francy, who is pure of heart, but ailing in physique and will.

However, that again seems to be no one's fault; it is an age of buyers. And it will soon yield to an upward curve. The Grand Old Man lives to be ninety-odd; the tribe all rally to his deathbed, and in Francy's son he can perceive the missing heir. Business, young Frank assures him, is *vieux jeu*; the thing to-day is applied science. So he has chosen that; and he has also chosen public spirit and refined integrity. For in his view the buyers are not merely shocking, they are out of style. Neat, and exceptionally rosy; but a little dim.

"*The Queerfella*," by David Bone (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.), salutes another kind of strength. It is an epic of defeated sail—of toil and hardship almost for their own sakes. The *Bryn Gower* has outlived her day. Though she can still hang on—she is now bound from Garston to Calcutta with a load of rails—this may be the last time that a full-rigged ship will make the voyage. The crew is shrunken and unskilled, patched up with deckhands from the steamers. And it can't be helped; even old Roath, the captain-owner, is resigned in principle. But, as he says: "There are yet sailors." On the *Bryn Gower* he has his gentle nephew, besides a few skilled hands—and then the oddity, the "queerfella." This drunken, crazy Scot has lost his pride and his certificate in steam; but not for ever. On the two runs, out to Calcutta, homeward to Dundee, crisis presents itself in every shape. Yet one can't call it an exciting tale. Exciting narratives are two a penny. This is something much more; it is both lovable and grand. Between the stirring episodes, there are long, spacious intervals of leisure and a deep content. And the serene and almost stilted manner is in itself a charm.

"*Cold Blood*," by Leo Bruce (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), once more discovers Sergeant Beef, the typical ex-bobby, dipping his moustache in the beer and camped by a shame-faced Watson who deplores his crudity. Townsend has always grieved that his sleuth seems to get such sordid cases; but now there comes a change. Cosmo Ducrow, a wealthy and neurotic recluse, has been battered to death with a croquet mallet at his country house. Things look so black against his nephew Rudolf that it is a wonder he has not been charged. Then enter Theo Gray, the dead man's bosom crony, to engage Beef in Rudolf's interest. For he can't have done it. In fact, the entire household agree that no one could have done it. Yet they all have something on their minds; and Beef unearths a complex of disgraceful truths, leading to a sensational yet clowning climax.

An effective story, only one can't have everything—the cross-talk farce of Beef and his genteel promoter, and an evil atmosphere as well.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

SOME little time ago I commented with delight on a book by Sidney Rogerson called "*Both Sides of the Road*," and as much because of the exquisite drawings and paintings of animals and country life contributed by C. F. Tunnicliffe as for the excellence of the text. Now Mr. Tunnicliffe places us once more in his debt with "*Shorelands Summer Diary*" (Collins; 42s.). It was a fortunate chance for the reader which caused Mr. Tunnicliffe and his family to move to a new house—aptly called Shorelands—on the Island of Anglesey. It appears to be from Mr. Tunnicliffe's text as much a bird-watchers' paradise as Blakeney was before it became overrun with trippers. Indeed, I doubt if even Blakeney in the old days could provide such a variety of wild birds to catch Mr. Tunnicliffe's attention and, through his pencil and brush, to delight our eyes. The author-artist has a gift rare among those in the latter category of writing almost as well as he paints and draws, for the text is a most enjoyable description of the closely-observed changing year in the manner of Mr. A. G. Street. It is, however, the illustrations which constitute the supreme attraction of the book, and nothing that I can write could adequately convey their excellence.

Mr. Tunnicliffe is, I suppose, our foremost artist-naturalist. I have, however, discovered a German-South African rival in H. von Michaelis, the author-artist of "*Birds of the Gauntlet*" (Hutchinson; 84s.). Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. von Michaelis was working as a sculptor in the Majolika factory at Cadinen on the Baltic—part of the huge estate belonging to Kaiser Wilhelm II. "kept in perfect condition for the Emperor who would never return," he found a tiny ball of fluff which proved to be a baby kestrel which had fallen out of its nest. He took it home, reared it and became its slave. From that moment Mr. Michaelis, who later emigrated to South Africa, set out on a career which has made him surely one of the greatest bird artists in the world—and also a leading authority on the theory and practice of falconry. For although any bird comes easily to his brush, it is the long series of eagles, kestrels, eagle owls and the noblest of them all, peregrine falcons, which he and his wife reared and tamed, which provides the models and the heroes and heroines of this fascinating book. The intelligence of all the raptors is, of course, proverbial, and it is clear that these birds, with the possible exception of the uncertain-tempered goshawk, can be as easily tamed as ever they were in the days of our ancestors. Among all his many birds and pets, from swans and ducks to great eagles, it is clear that his favourite was *Florian*, the peregrine falcon. As Mr. von Michaelis writes: "there is something about falcons which raises them above all others. It is partly the flawless perfection of their beautifully modelled lines and their supreme mastery of the air. It is all that, and more still—so much more. Their beautiful eyes, those two large globes of darkest brown which look at you so trustingly and gently, are mirrors of a free and independent soul, knowing no treachery; self-reliant in the knowledge of its own strength, bestowing the gift of friendship as between equals. Strangers, on seeing my birds for the first time, will be impressed by the eagles, but they will pick out Florian from among all others as something apart, and invariably remark on the beauty of her eyes." Mr. von Michaelis has an excellent and endearing sense of fun which enlivens his text as much as his later chapters on the theory of flight in relation to eagles and hawks are of great scientific interest.

"*Shooter's Delight*," by C. W. Thurlow Craig (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), is another book which I found of great interest. Mr. Craig has had an adventurous life in two wars and various Latin-American revolutions, riots and the like—the glimpses he gives of the latter in a single chapter headed "An Occurrence on the Rio Apa" is tantalisingly short—but his main interest is evidently in firearms of all sorts. Not for Mr. Craig the simple, if expensive, way of buying a pair of guns from a West End gunmaker and firing from them factory-produced cartridges. He is much happier finding a hundred-year-old muzzle-loader in a Welsh pub, taking it to pieces, cleaning it, making a ramrod to fit it and devising his own wadding for his black powder and the bullet which he has moulded himself. (Incidentally, he issues a stern warning based on a number of fatal accidents to those who attempt to use smokeless powder in these weapons, which were originally designed for the old black powder.) His story starts in Latin-America and ends to-day in this country, and I know of no living writer on firearms (with the possible exception of my old friend Hugh Pollard) who displays such a wealth of practical erudition on all types of weapons, from rifles to shotguns, muzzle-loaders to automatic pistols. He explodes many popular theories—such as that of the shotgun which is "harder hitting" than another—and his chapters on shooting in the field should be read by every young man, and should be studied with profit by many a more mature one. Particularly I would like to have his chapter on the safe and mannerly handling of guns learnt by heart by many, almost the majority, of those who join syndicate shoots to-day. Alas! the standard of shooting manners continues to decline appallingly, and there must be many of us on occasions who feel with Mr. Thurlow Craig and Mr. Pickwick: "I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different manner."

Two other interesting books on wild life are "*The Changing Wild Life of Britain*," by H. L. Edlin (Batsford; 21s.); and "*Animal Forms and Patterns*," by Adolf Portmann (Faber; 25s.). The first is a reminder of the immense amount of big game which once roamed these islands until the last wolf was killed in Scotland in 1743 and in Ireland in 1786; the other a scientific study of the misleading conditions of animal species. Both are attractively illustrated, and either would make an appreciated Christmas present for the older young.

That great horse, *Foxhunter*, is now becoming the subject of a cult. *Foxhunter's* fans, and, as Mr. Pat Landsberg says in "*Foxhunter*" (Todd; 7s. 6d.), one must equally mention his famous rider, Colonel Harry Llewellyn, will find this little book a first-class description of one of the greatest horses and the greatest riders of all time.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

STATE planning may have its pros and cons. It certainly is succeeding in chess. Some three decades ago the Soviet Government decided to foster chess intensively as a cultural activity and an indirect help to propaganda. To-day they have established a virtual monopoly of top honours.

Twelve players will meet at Zürich next September in a tournament to decide who shall challenge Botvinnik (the present title-holder) to a match for the world championship the year after. Every one of the twelve will have earned his place by success in qualification tournaments. Seven of them were "seeded" some months ago.

An "Interzonal" tournament started at Stockholm in September, to decide which five players should complete the Zürich lists. This tournament is worth examining. From the U.S.S.R. there were five entrants. From the U.S.A. came Herman Steiner, of Los Angeles; from the Argentine, Eliskases, Bolbochan and Pilnik; as representative of the Central American zone, Sanchez, of Colombia; Yugoslavia furnished Gligoric and Matanovic; Hungary, Szabo and Barcza; Sweden, Stahlberg and Stoltz; Holland, Prins; Germany, Unzicker; Czechoslovakia, Pachman; and the British Empire, Wade (New Zealand), Vaitonis (a Baltic-State immigrant into Canada), and Golombek. Thus every part of the world was represented, and represented fairly and well.

Of the five Russian entrants, four took the top four places, and the other tied with a Swede, a Yugoslav and a Hungarian for fifth!

This achievement seems even more miraculous when we recall that, of the eight players regarded as above this event entirely—namely, the world champion himself and the seven seeded players referred to in our second paragraph, five are Russians. So that only the U.S.S.R.'s sixth to tenth best were left to compete at Stockholm.

It may seem a little less miraculous when I point out that these ostensibly individual events are being run on team lines, like recent motor and cycle-races, etc.; chess seems even more unfortunately susceptible to such planning than other contests. That nine Russians and three others may sit down at Zürich to decide who shall play a Russian for the world championship, therefore, is an exaggerated indication of Russian strength of play, but it is a fair criterion of Russian success in planning.

The U.S.S.R.'s Alexander Kotov scored a great personal triumph at Stockholm. In their individual encounter, he trounced the young New Zealander, Bob Wade, present British Champion. But is "he trounced" quite the wording if, as is possible, Wade's methods and style had been minutely examined and assessed by government-supported experts on Kotov's behalf?

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

KOTOV.	WADE.	KOTOV.	WADE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q4	P-Q3	7. P-B5	P×BP
2. P-QB4	P-K4	8. P×KP	Q-K2
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-Q2	9. Kt-B3	Kt×P
4. P-K4	P-KKt3	10. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt
5. B-KKt5	P-KB3	11. B-Kt3	Q-K3
6. B-R4	B-Kt2	12. Kt-Q5	K-B2
Black is already doomed. If 12. ... Q×Pch;			
13. B-K2, B-KKt5;	14. Kt×QBPch.	17. Q-Kt3ch	K-Kt2
13. Kt×QBP	Q×Pch	18. P-B3!	Q-Q5
14. B-K2	B-R6	19. R×B	B-Q7ch
15. Kt×R	B×P	20. K-B1	Kt-K2
16. R-KKt1	B-R3		

and after 21. Kt-B7 Black, two pieces down, resigned.

NEWLY CLEANED: BOSSES AND CORBELS IN WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.



A DESIGN FORMED FROM SWIRLING LEAVES: ONE OF THE LARGE ROOF BOSSES IN THE CENTRE OF THE VAULTING WHICH IS HEAVILY GILT AND OF EXCEPTIONALLY FINE QUALITY.



ROOF BOSS FROM WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL, c. 1390: THE WHOLE OF THE FINE VAULTING OF WHICH THIS FORMS A PART HAS NOW BEEN CLEANED. THE BOSSES ARE GILDED AND PAINTED.



FOLIATE BOSS FROM THE WOODEN VAULTING OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL. THE VAULTING WAS DESIGNED BY HUGH HERLOND, DESIGNER OF THE MAGNIFICENT ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL.



FOLIATE HEAD ON A BOSS: THIS TYPE OF BOSS WAS THOUGHT BY MR. C. J. P. CAVE TO RECALL THE OLD JACK-IN-THE-GREEN OF MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS AND BE A SURVIVAL FROM PRE-CHRISTIAN TREE WORSHIP.



THE NEW BELL WHICH HAS NOW REPLACED THE LAST MEDIEVAL BELL CRACKED SOME YEARS AGO. THE INSCRIPTION INCLUDES A CHRONOGRAM OF THE DATE.



BEARING THE HEAD OF A DEMON: ONE OF THE BOSSES OF THE VAULTING OF THE CHAPEL ROOF. THE TIMBER ROOF IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST EXPERIMENTS TOWARDS FAN VAULTING.



NOW CLEANED AND RESTORED: ONE OF THE CORBELS FROM THE CHAPEL WHICH REPRESENT ALTERNATELY BISHOPS AND KINGS, BUT DO NOT APPEAR TO BE DESIGNED WITH ANY PARTICULAR INDIVIDUAL IN MIND.



RESTORED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JOHN HARVEY, F.S.A.: ONE OF THE STONE CORBELS FROM WHICH THE WOODEN VAULT, PART OF THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE OF THE BUILDING, SPRINGS.



REPRESENTING A KING: ONE OF THE STONE CORBELS. THE MASTER MASON WAS WILLIAM WYNFORD, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAVE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE 555th anniversary of the day when by arrangement between the Founder and the then Warden, the feast of the dedication of Winchester College was first celebrated, occurred last month. The date was marked by a special service this year, for the interior of the Chapel has just been cleaned and restored on a scale not attempted since 1822. The first work on the bosses, the detail of which was hardly visible, even from immediately below, owing to cobwebs and dirt, showed not only that they were of good quality and considerable interest, but that the gold-leaf and paint on them needed virtually no treatment other than cleaning. The paint now visible

had not been properly seen by anyone now alive until the recent cleaning was done, is of well-known importance, being one of the earliest versions of this pattern of vaulting, and the work of that great carpenter, Hugh Herlond. The paint on the stone corbels was found to be in less good condition than on the wooden bosses, and where it had flaked badly it has been skilfully retouched.

This is the Gin For your Christmas Entertaining



SPECIAL DRY GIN

The gin of incomparable quality—'the heart of a good cocktail'. Bottle 33/9d. ½ bottle 17/7d. ¼ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. ½ bottle 16/9. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

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'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from shaker bottles. Bottle 21/-. ½ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

Gordon's

Stands Supreme



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comes in the
Large bottle

'NOILLY PRAT' is still made only in France from French grapes by French blenders in the traditional French way, still matured for years in the wood, and bottled in the large bottle. Noilly Prat is the dry vermouth that blends so well with gin, that is robust enough to make a most subtle aperitif on its own, or with just a sliver of lemon peel, squeezed and dropped into it. In Summer, soda and ice may be added. So remember :

SAY 'Noilly Prat' AND
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

Noilly Prat

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

SOLE IMPORTERS: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



Gentlemen Twins

—with a difference

ALGERNON fellows-follows, on the left, and his brother Alistair are gentlemen twins. They look and think alike, behave very similarly, and both, let us admit it, suffer from the cold—which is where they differ.

For when Boreas blows, Algernon cloaks his plaintive frame in cumbersome clouts. Look at the result! Bulky! Definitely not-well-dressed.

Alistair, however, when cold weather approaches, dons his elegant Braemar underwear. Its comfortable warmth preserves him from the cold, yet fits neatly beneath his suits. The result? Perfection! Better still, Braemar's two-ply reinforcement where it really counts allows him great flexibility of movement. And Alistair, a modern gentleman impoverished by taxes, appreciates that Braemar is a sound investment. It lasts a lifetime. Incidentally, for special elegance and warmth, Alistair wears a luxurious Braemar pullover.

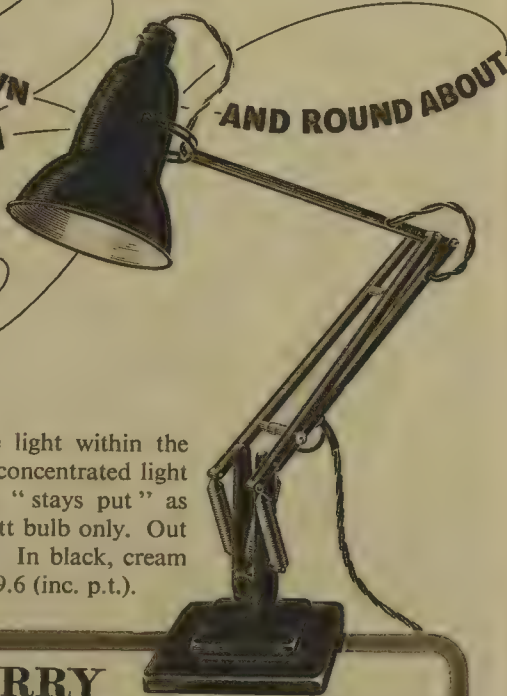
Wise gentlemen everywhere are buying Braemar. They know it's the best in knitted underwear. All fully-fashioned and shrink resistant, Braemars are stocked at better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £3.17.6 a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are worth it in the long run. So be comfortable—invest in Braemar.



Fully-fashioned underwear for men

BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND

THE WAY
Anglepoise MOVES
THIS WAY AND THAT
UP AND DOWN
MAKES IT SUCH
A WONDERFUL LAMP
AND ROUND ABOUT

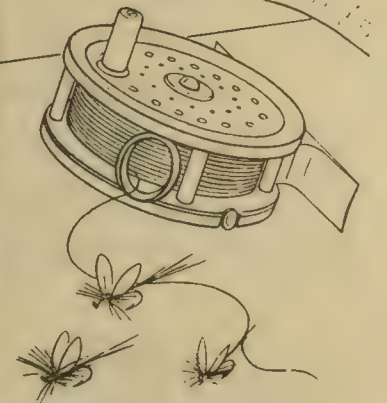


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SCOTCH WHISKY
*Scotch Whisky is the finest
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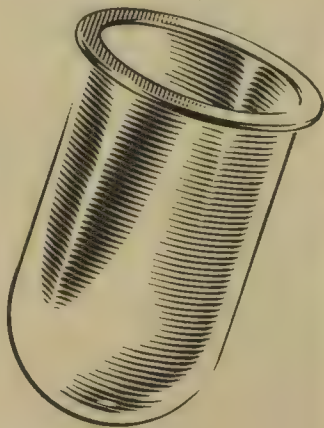
versatility in glass

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling and Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world



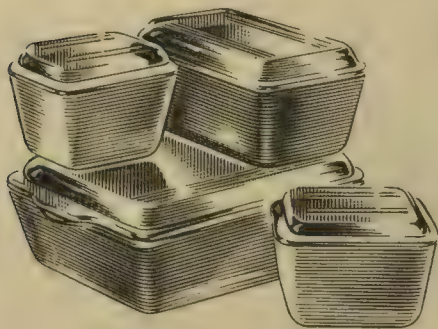
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FOR THE HOME

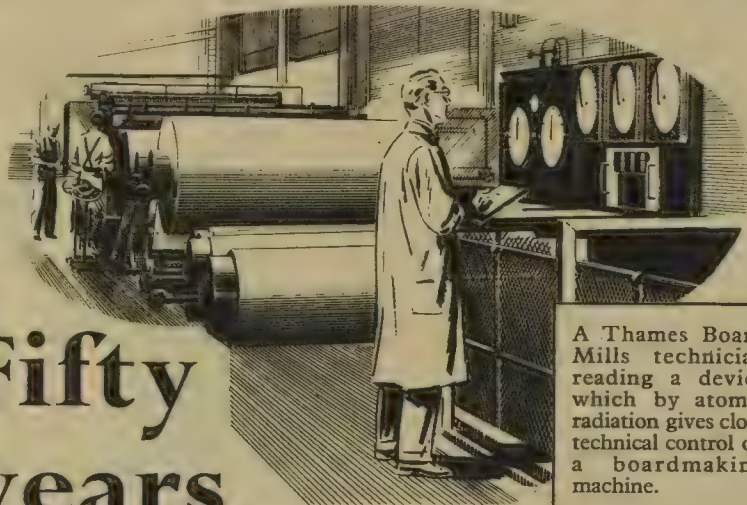
'Pyrex' Colourware refrigerator sets. Brighten the kitchen—decorate the table. In three colours: apple green, pastel blue and primrose yellow. The lids, by themselves, make most useful and attractive cocktail or hors-d'oeuvre dishes

AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE
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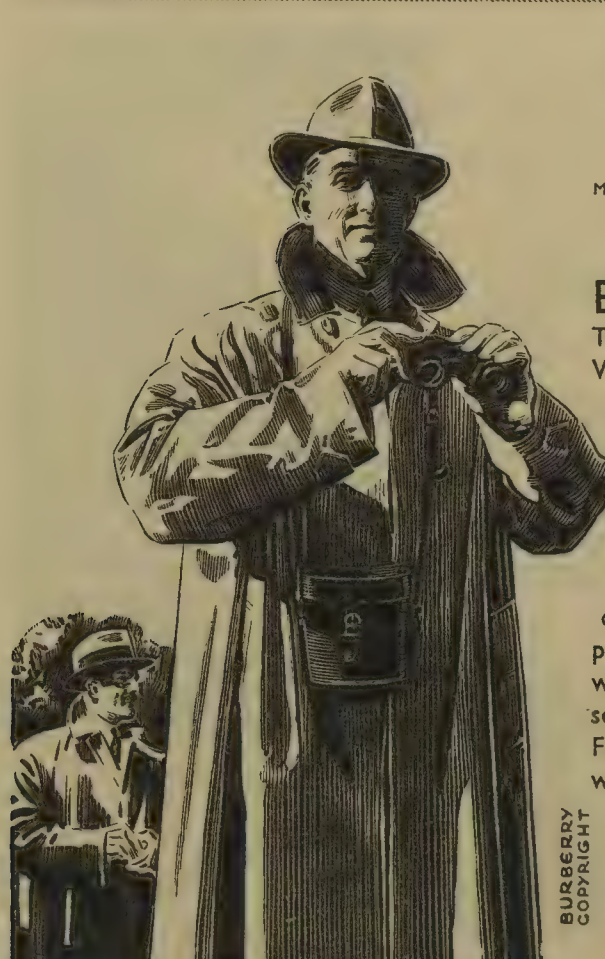


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You see, an honest average of 30 m.p.g. is what they usually get on ordinary trips — and the Javelin's impressive performance thrown in.

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The 1953 Javelin has the new Series III engine.

The Javelin Saloon with leather upholstery costs £1,082.12.3 (including purchase tax).



1½ litre **JOWETT JAVELIN**

one day—it has to be YOURS!

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Make your choice the finest imported Jamaica. You'll get no finer cigars than these—no matter whence : and there s just a little more to it than that. Two virtues are peculiar to certain high-grade Jamaica cigars. Mildness—notable mildness—without sacrifice of character and flavour. And the very convenient attribute of being equally good to smoke in the smaller sizes. The wisest choice is still . . . La Tropical.

In cedar boxes of 10, 25 and 50. In cartons of 5. In all the usual sizes from 2/8d upwards. Petitas 1/6d. Also singly in exclusive screw-capped aluminium tubes from 3/3d.

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Finest Jamaica Cigars

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Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

To lovers of beautiful sherry...



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"Pintail" is a quite exceptional pale dry sherry. Price of 1 dozen Bottles carriage paid £12.

Pintail Sherry

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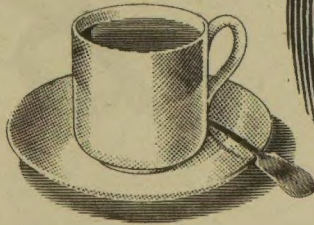
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Tea Merchants
By Appointment to
the late King George VI
and the late Queen Victoria.



Lots of people buy "cheap" tea, for economy, and then use more of it because they can't taste it unless they make it "extra strong"! Intelligent people buy a quality blend because the flavour and aroma of the better leaf can be enjoyed to the full when brewed at normal strength. This is much nicer, and more economical than drinking "cheap" tea brewed black. Why not experiment! Buy one of these Ridgways teas next time and note how much further the pleasure goes!

Flavour
versus
strength



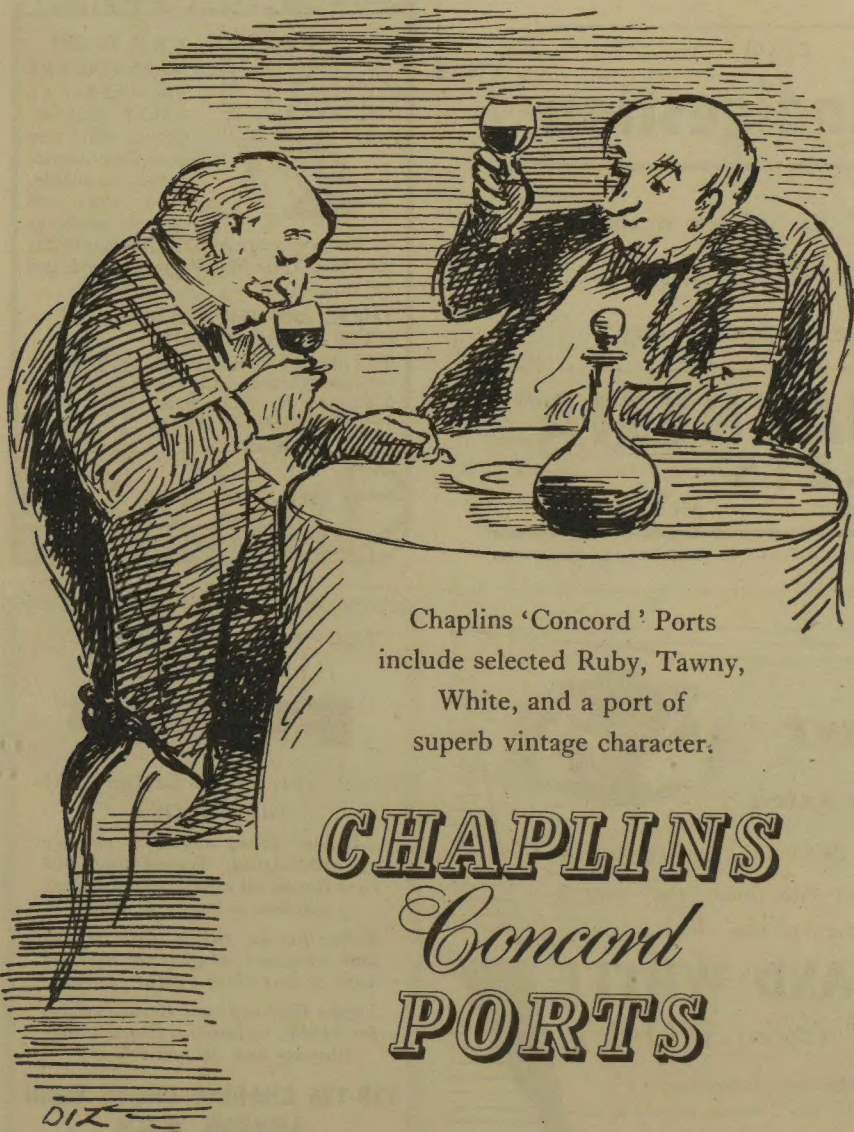
Ridgways H.M.B. (Her Majesty's Blend) has a delicate yet pronounced flavour and aroma. At 1/5d. the quarter it goes further than many a 'cheaper' tea.

Ridgways DELICIOUS (Small Leaf Blend). Quick-brewing, yielding a richer colour and bolder flavour. 1/2d. the quarter.



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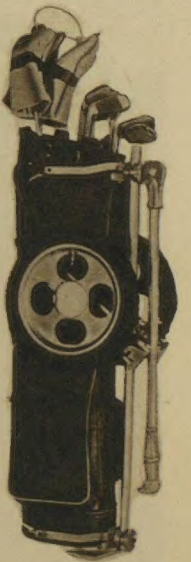
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THE CHRISTMAS TREE. A short story by Charles Lloyd-Jones

MAWNAN SMITH'S CHRISTMAS PARTY by Mawnan Smith

GOOD KING WENCESLAS by John Lefroy

WAY OF LIFE. A short story by Monica Ewer

YOU SHOULD BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS by Pamela Fry

THREE MEN AND MUSIC by Leslie Bailly

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The wind is chill;
But let it whistle
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A Happy Christmas

Have a CAPSTAN

they're made to make friends.

CC782 D.



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Scotch Whisky

